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THE 'LIVELY PEGGY.'

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CHAPTER I.

THE news came in by the weekly boat from Plymouth that, weather permitting, served Yealmspton and Kingsbridge and Beremouth of a Wednesday, returning on Thursday. It was but whispered aboard, and that furtively ; for the Blighs came back on the boat, a sombre, repellent couple, to whom a fine seafaring delicacy gave a wide berth. The men and the tidings, therefore, came ashore at Beremouth together. But news travels on a fair wind, and no man knows how, and before the Captain's wooden leg, steering a course between the tubs and brown nets, had stumped across the stony wharf scaly with fishes' heads, or his son's face, dark and grim, had been more than espied at his elbow, the whisper was already fleeting before them up the cobbled street. Already in the parlour of the Privateersman—the dim picture outside which is taken by the eye of faith for a portrait of Ozias Copestake himself—and in the snug of the Keppel Head, men were settling down to a breezy, leisurely discussion of the verdict, its justice and its consequences.

Down by the water's edge, among the fishing-nets and tubs, and in Budgen's Cove on the farther side of the headland—for within five minutes and by a seeming miracle the news was known even there—the feeling ran all one way. In spite of his regular recurrent bouts, and though there were a dozen men in Beremouth who had at one time or another retrieved his grey head from the gutter, or guided him staggering across the churchyard to his cottage, the old Captain was taken by the simple for a gentleman. His patient face, his mild dignity, and a life which, between times, was all that a half-pay officer's should be, had won the respect and his failing the indulgence of men ready to own that they would have tripped more often had they had the means. Tales of an unobtrusive helpfulness, that shed a pleasant light on his threadbare, frogged coat, were current, and faith was large and generous. In a word, if the Captain,

as was notorious, carried his liquor ill, the fact was held to be his misfortune rather than his fault.

That his son, the Lieutenant, shared the misfortune had come, however, as a surprise to Beremouth, and was, it was owned, a matter that called for deeper reflection, and another pot at least. And drunk on duty? Certainly a man might do better than that, for there was a time for everything—so much was grudgingly admitted even in the snug of the Keppel Head. And had the Lieutenant stood alone, 'serve him right!' might even by the water-side have confirmed the verdict that dismissed him, a lieutenant of six years' standing and one day's ignominy, from the Service. For the son was less well known than his father and less liked. He was something of a mystery. A soured, disappointed young fellow—even before this final disaster—with none of the old man's mild courtesy, he kept himself to himself and held his head high, his dour gloom making, with all his good looks, but few friends; while his now declared weakness had not been patent enough to claim the indulgence of fellow-feeling.

Still in rough, rig-and-furrow-clad breasts liking for the father pleaded for the son; and after all a young man who had lost his arm in a cutting-out affair in the Bay, and had been shabbily treated—so report said—when the honours were dealt out, seemed to deserve some respect if he failed of sympathy. So 'Poor devil!' and 'Hard luck!' summed up in the main the water-side verdict, and more than one could have found it in his heart to tackle the old Captain as he plodded humbly up the street, and to say a word in the way of good feeling. But a glance at the son's black brow drove the kindly thought back to its home again, and though many eyes were upon them the two could not have had a clearer path up the street if a fire had gone before them.

'He takes it hard,' said one. 'Ay, ay,' another agreed; 'it's gone home to him.' And with a dim sense that they were looking on a tragedy the speakers watched the couple out of sight.

To hide their heads, to escape from curious looks and the pity that was worse, was the aim of both, and all that was left to them. But to gain the cottage that clung to the farther slope and looked down on Budgen's Cove they had to cross the neck of the headland, and every weary yard they climbed, the Captain hanging on his son's arm, was a purgatory. They bore it, each after his fashion; the father limping patiently on, his shamed face bent on the road-way—with him life, even before this last and fatal blow, had gone hardly, and age had no longer spirit to rebel; the son with head

erect, his seared heart glaring from his eyes in hard, bitter defiance of the world. As they crossed the churchyard on the summit—solitary and quiet enough this—and passed by the western end of the church, the Lieutenant did for one moment turn his eyes aside. He looked down the lane that led to the Rectory, and his lip quivered. But he set it firm again. There was an end of that! An end of that!

'We will have some tea,' the Captain muttered. He found comfort in the prospect, though he sighed.

'Yes, father, we will have some tea,' the son agreed, and his voice in its gentleness belied his stormy eyes. They left the churchyard behind them, and began the descent, the old man's scanty coat-skirts fluttering, blown aside by the breeze.

But the water-side and the poorer quarters were not the whole of Beremouth; and in proportion as the tidings travelled abroad, and broad-cloth, less perview to feeling, took the place of woollen guernseys, sympathy with the culprit waned, and gave place to condemnation. Yet there were exceptions. Sir Alberty Wyke, the Squire of Upper Bere, whose curricule was often to be seen in these days waiting in the Rectory Lane, and who, as it chanced, brought the news to the Portnals at the Rectory, took a kindly view of the case. 'I am sorry,' he said, when he had told the tale. 'Upon my honour, I'm sorry—for the father, anyway. It's a sad blow for him.'

But Augusta, the elder Portnal girl, was firm. 'I think your sorrow is thrown away,' she said, letting her work fall on her lap. 'The old man has disgraced himself so often that a little more can be no matter. But you always had a weakness for him, Sir Alberty, I know. For my part, I don't see what else you could expect!'

'After all the man is a gentleman.'

'Is he?' Augusta smiled. 'I confess he never seemed to be one to me.'

'He wears a shabby coat,' her sister said, bending so low over her book that her ringlets hid her face.

'Well, if you ask me, his conduct matches it,' Augusta rejoined. 'In a man of his age it is disgraceful.'

'He's only a half-pay captain.' There was a faint note of scorn in Peggy's tone.

'He came to us once or twice,' Augusta explained languidly, 'when he first appeared, you know. You asked us to invite him, if you remember, Sir Alberty. But I could never see anything in him

but a shabby old man dreadfully given to drink, and without a word to say for himself.'

'He is poor,' Peggy said. She bent still lower over her page. 'That is what Augusta would see. But—he was always sober when he came to us.'

'My dear, I am saying exactly what——'

'Oh, I am sure you are just, Augusta. You always are. But not generous.'

Augusta shrugged her handsome shoulders—her figure was as perfect as her smile was gracious. 'My dear,' she said indulgently, 'you are silly about him. She is perfectly silly about him, Sir Albery. What two opinions can there be about a man who disgraces his white hairs by lying drunk in the street—every quarter day, I am told—as regularly as the day comes round?'

'He might do it more often,' Peggy objected. 'No doubt it would be more respectable if he fell under the table once a week—as I hear some friends of ours do.'

'I hope you do not mean that for me,' Sir Albery said with a smile. He had listened, glancing now at one and now at the other, as each spoke.

'If the cap fits,' Peggy rejoined rather pertly.

'Peggy! For shame!' Augusta remonstrated. 'How can you be so rude?'

'Fortunately the cap does not fit,' Sir Albery rejoined. 'Or I'm sure, Miss Portnal, that your sister would not have offered it.'

'It appears to fit the son,' Augusta remarked neatly. 'It is clear that he is as bad as, or worse than, his father. And now, disgraced beyond redemption. Even Peggy cannot deny that.'

'Well, I'm devilish sorry for him, all the same,' Sir Albery said, summing up in haste, for the discussion was growing warm. But whether the sympathy that he expressed was real, or was due to a desire to please Miss Peggy, who seemed to have taken a side in the matter, was uncertain. 'The old man with all his faults is a good officer, and the Fencibles were never better drilled. So far as I am concerned, I don't know that it matters if he takes a roll now and then—so long as he comes sober on parade.'

'But,' Augusta said, smiling, 'the son does not come sober on parade.'

'No, and that's the devil's own luck, I allow!'

'I should rather say,' she retorted, 'the gentleman's own fault, Sir Albery. If you can call him a gentleman. To my mind father and son are much of a muchness, and impossible, both of them.'

The young man has been here once or twice, but as he appeared to be at odds with everyone—and I confess he seemed to me to be a person of very considerable conceit—it is as well this has happened to close the chapter and the acquaintance.'

Peggy's face sank lower over her book. The ringlets hid it entirely now. But whatever the younger Portnal girl lacked, she did not lack spirit, and 'It's plain,' she said sweetly, 'that he did not pay court to Augusta, Sir Albery, isn't it? Her smile appears to have failed of its effect for once.'

'My dear, do not be impertinent!'

Sir Albery looked the discomfort that he felt. 'I hardly know the son, though I have met him,' he said. 'He kept very much to himself when he was here, I understand. The loss of his arm, poor chap,—well, it is hard on a man of his age. I should feel it myself, I know. And there is a tale gone about—wasn't he due for promotion and not sent up, or something of that kind? I think I have heard that.'

'Such tales are easily told,' Augusta decided. 'And the less their weight the farther they carry, I fancy.'

But at that Peggy's patience, worn very thin before, failed her. She looked up, and her heightened colour and sparkling eyes—for Peggy, though she was not handsome after Augusta's fashion, was very pretty when she lost her temper—declared open unmistakable war. 'Would you like to hear the story, Sir Albery?' she asked, her voice quivering with feeling. 'If so, I will tell it, for it was in the papers, and I happen to know it. Mr. Bligh was first on the *Naiad*, attending the *Galatea* off Arcachon, when the *Galatea* drove the French *Andromaque* on shore—you may remember the affair? The *Naiad* was sent in to burn the *Andromaque* and bring off the crew. The *Naiad's* captain was hurt and put out of action; the command fell to Mr. Bligh, and though his arm was crushed by the recoil of a gun, he kept the deck and burned the French vessel, and he should by rule have got his step. But Sir Borlase Warren who commanded the squadron, gave all the credit to the *Galatea* and did not mention the *Naiad*, and Mr. Bligh got nothing but, being disabled, a poor place in the Dockyard at Devonport.'

'Devilish hard case!' Wyke replied warmly. 'If that is so.'

'You seem, Peggy, to know a great deal about it,' Augusta said. 'But what has that to do with his misbehaviour, even if the story be true, my dear, which I greatly doubt? He told it you himself, I suppose?'

'Yes,' Peggy retorted, and defiance spoke in her tone. 'He did.'

'Oh!' Augusta's voice was full of meaning, and Wyke wished himself away. 'Silly, silly child! Of course, Sir Albery, you may believe just as much of that as you please.'

Peggy lowered her face over her book, and the curls hid the angry tear that fell on the page. Fortunately at that moment Dr. Portnal entered the room, and, 'Ha, Wyke,' he said, greeting the visitor in the sonorous tone that matched his stately figure, 'glad to see you! You've heard the news? It's all over the town by this time, I suppose.' He stepped to the bell-rope, pulled it, and returned to his place on the hearth. 'A sad business! A very sad business! But I am not surprised—like father, like son, eh? *Ebrii ambo!* But this crowns all, and—Wignall!' He turned from them, addressing the butler, who had appeared in the doorway. 'You will see that neither Captain Bligh nor his son are admitted in future. Should they call, either of them, the ladies are not at home. If they wish to see me privately that is another matter. You understand? Very good! See that my orders are observed.' He dismissed the man by a nod, and turned to his visitor with the air of a man who had done his duty and had no doubt about the propriety of his action. 'An unfortunate young man,' he said, 'and no doubt to be pitied. But we must draw a line—we must draw a line, for the sake of others and example. What you will do about the Fencibles, I don't know, Wyke. That is your business, but—'

'I don't think I shall do anything!' Wyke replied rather shortly.

'Well, that's your business, as I say. Though I confess I should be glad to have them both out of the parish—they are no honour to us. As to the cottage, I don't know what I shall do. It is in Budgen's lease, and I have not full power, but I shall see him about it. In my position I have a duty to others, and I recognise it. Peggy! Where are you going, my dear?'

But Peggy, her curls quivering, had already reached the door, and only a murmur, conveying no meaning, reached the group about the hearth.

'Foolish child!' Augusta said, looking after her indulgently.

'She seems to have known him?' Sir Albery suggested, his eyes lingering on the door.

'Who? Young Bligh?' the Rector replied comfortably. 'To be sure! We all did after a fashion. But a disgrace, an official disgrace such as this, alters the matter—closes the door so to speak.' The phrase pleased him and he repeated it in the satisfied

tone of one whose words were not wont to fall to the ground. 'His footing among us'—he warmed his coat-skirts as he stood with his back to the fire—'if footing it could be called, indeed, was slight; and he has now forfeited the right to be considered as existing—as existing for us, I mean,' he amended, with a gesture which once for all eliminated the offender. 'We must set an example in our position. Augusta, my dear, you will be good enough not to know him in future, if you come across him in your walks.'

Augusta assented meekly.

'Sir Albery must judge for himself. He is his own master, though I venture to think that in his position too, he owes a duty to society.'

But Sir Albery refused to commit himself. 'I hardly know the young man,' he said. 'But I am sorry for him. As for his father, I am more than sorry for him, poor beggar.'

The Rector shook his handsome Jove-like head. He was a very fine figure of a man. 'What that unfortunate'—he began portentously—'that poor debased man must be feeling at this moment, I shrink, Wyke, from imagining! His sin has indeed come home to him. I am no Pharisee, as you know. If a gentleman can take his bottle, or even his two bottles, of the wine, that was mercifully given to cheer the heart of man, and can still remain the gentleman, Heaven forbid that I should cast a stone! But the manner! The manner is the man, as we said at Winchester, and Captain Bligh's manner—deplorable! Deplorable! Brandy, too, I fear, and no doubt smuggled. Well, I look round no corners, I am a man of the world, and we must take the world as we find it, and certainly the duties are high. But, speaking as a magistrate—deplorable!'

Wyke smiled. 'Well, there is plenty of the stuff about,' he said. 'I have even heard it whispered that the *Lively Peggy* has been known to bring in a tub or two, when she has brought back nothing better, rector.'

'I trust not! I hope not!' Dr. Portnal spoke a little warmly, for he had the credit of owning a comfortable stake in the Beremouth privateer. 'I do not think so ill of Budgen as that. No, really, no. Let us have charity, Wyke, charity.'

'Which covers a multitude of tubs!' Sir Albery rejoined slyly.

CHAPTER II.

'NEVY?' old Budgen roared, his face crimson with anger. 'Nevy, indeed! My nevy you may be, and more shame to me! But an idle, drunken dog you are! Not a stroke o' work ha' you done this two months, and the books in that state o' muddle I might put 'em in the fire, and no worse off! I wish that there wood was your coffin, I do! But I make an end of you! Off my place you go! Off you go, and I wish I may never see your ugly chaps again!'

Joe, standing out on the shingle, a picture of loutish gawkiness, rubbed one foot against another. 'You can't do it,' he drawled.

'Can't do it? You'll see if I can't do it! Come into my moulding-loft, or so much as put a foot on the slips, and I'll foot the slack of your breeches with my shoemaker! And that's my last word to you! My patience is worn out, and high time too. You be ended, my lad.'

'You daren't do it,' Joe growled, still sulkily defiant. But his uncle's attitude was so threatening that he retreated another pace or two from the shed, under the eaves of which Budgen stood declaiming.

'Daren't do it, you little, wimping, scrimping effigy!' Budgen shouted. He snatched up a heavy caulking mallet from a bench beside him. 'Why, you little threadpaper, for another word I'd duck you in the mast-pond! And by Elijah I will! Ben! Eb'nezer! Give this chap a taste o' sea-water! Souse him well, souse him overhead—d'you hear? I've done with the scamp! Collar him and——'

But Joe Fewster was only a lath of a man, and he knew himself to be not over-well liked by the men over whom he had exercised an idle and teasing authority. He backed away, still muttering dark threats of what he would do, and in particular declaring an intention of enlisting that very moment in His Majesty's forces stationed abroad. He repeated this more than once, and seemed to expect something to come of it. But as Budgen remained unshaken and only threatened to throw the mallet at him, Joe presently shambled away and, still cursing, took the steep path that, winding up the side of the Cove, led to the town and the Privateersman.

His uncle, the job done, wiped his forehead. 'Let him go,' he said to the grinning men. 'But, mark you, I've done with him. I've done with Joe! Never no more man o' mine! If he puts

foot in this place do you put him out—put him out with the toe o' your boot, the lazy, drunken scamp! You've my 'thority! Or duck him if you like—'twill do the swab no harm!'

Dabbing his heated face with a vast yellow handkerchief, a thing of luxury, of Lyons silk and spoil of war, Budge went back into what he vaingloriously called his moulding-loft. There he proposed to refresh himself with a treat that seldom failed to relieve his feelings—a leisurely gloat over the lines of his latest and dearest creation. The loft was a tall shed closed on three sides only, on the longest of which was depicted in chalk from keel to poop-rail and large as life, the *Lively Peggy*, Letter of Marque of Beremouth, Master, Ozias Copestake, at present absent on her cruising ground. Budge's happiest moments were passed with that drawing before his eyes and the smell of wood-shavings and the tang of tar and seaweed in his nostrils. 'Budgen & Fewster'—Fewster, Joe's father, had lain in the churchyard these seven years—'Ship and Boat-builders,' was painted on a huge board above the open side of the shed that looked on the slips; for the actual building was done in the open. But of Budgen & Fewster's skill as shipbuilders the *Lively Peggy* was the rare and fine flower. There had been an earlier brig, the *Pride of Beremouth*; but she had met with misfortune, and, alas! was now in French hands and 'ravaging,' it was rumoured, out of Cherbourg. Yearly Budgen turned out a fishing-smack or two or a small coaster, and half a dozen quay-punts. But for the main part Budgens did not rise above boats—good boats, and they had a good name for them.

On this occasion neither the contemplation of his darling's fine lines nor his favourite smell of tar and shavings availed to give Budgen the relief he craved. He had turned a deaf ear to Joe's threat that he would enlist. But he had heard it, and it worried him. Joe was as worthless a fellow as walked on shoe-leather. He spent at the Privateersman the money that he did not earn; and had it been only his ugly carcase that was at stake he might have gone to the West Indies and, as far as Budgen was concerned, might have fed the land-crabs, and welcome. But unluckily there were other and graver issues depending on him. Joe's life had a special value for Budgen, as Joe well knew; and this fact, true at all times, was especially true at this moment. It was so true that the mere thought of risking that life and all that it stood for gave Budgen the goose-flesh, boldly as he had carried it off in Joe's presence. For the capture of the *Pride of Beremouth* had dealt the

boat-builder a shrewd blow, although he had been very far from bearing the whole of the loss. A second blow—and his prophetic eye discerned a possible and a heavy one—would find him ill-prepared to meet it; while, as for Joe's death, that spelt ruin, sudden and complete, and he dared not even think of it.

'And the Reverend,' he ruminated with a gloomy face, 'he's as hard as stone. No mercy to be expected from him, d—n his pompous Lord-a-Mighty airs! There's some might believe in him, but not Isaac Budgen. No,' he reflected, with a long and darkling look at the *Lively Peggy's* lines, 'half of you is his, and the better half, too! And if Copestake bring in an anker or two of rum to cover costs when no better's to be had, it's "Understand, this must not occur again, Budgen!"' says he, but he takes good care to share in the reckoning! Ay, right good care his reverence takes of that!'

He was upset for the day, and unfortunately it was his day for checking the monthly accounts, while all the material that Joe had left him consisted of scraps of dirty papers and of some illegible chalk-marks on the side of the shed. The sight of this muddle flustered the boat-builder afresh. He was no scholar; and while he bothered himself about it, with that threat of Joe's ever at the back of his mind, it seemed to him that the men took advantage of him and worked lazily. The business was his life and soul, his heart was in it, and in the money that seemed to be oozing away with it. But of late it had brought him more pleasure than profit, and it would bear no further burden, he knew.

Bound up with it and hardly less loved was his pleasant house in the nook of the Cove, with its white-harled, fuchsia-clad walls and its green door with the smart brass knocker—the knocker a naked lady, the spoil of war, as was much of the furniture inside. But this too failed to afford him relief or pleasure at this moment. He had a vision in which he saw house and land and the loft and his half-dozen cottages, sprinkled up and down the steep sides of the Cove—in which he saw them all at stake and taken from him! And with them the piles of seasoning timber that he eyed lovingly morning and night, and the masts pickling in their pond, and the tubs of fragrant tar! Of what use would these be if he lost the Cove and all that went with it—all that made him the man he was.

'D—n that Joe!' he whispered viciously, as he wiped the beads from his forehead. 'D—n him! D—n him!' And the sun that shone into the warm cove, the sunshine and the soft Devon air and the sea-tang all lost their pleasantness and savour. He

moved restlessly to the slips and stared up at the steep bluff, crowned by the church tower and seamed by a narrow path so steep that in one place it became a staircase. But the bluff only led his thoughts to the Rectory that stood on it, and he spat in his disgust, and went in again to his muddled accounts.

Presently Ebenezer put his head into the shed. 'There's the Lieutenant a-coming down, master,' he said, 'if you've a mind to spy him.'

But Budgen was grumpy. 'I s'pose he looks the same as other days,' he growled. He did not move.

A moment later Ebenezer looked in again. 'I b'lieve he's coming here,' he said.

'Well, let him come!' Budgen snarled. And so when a moment later Bligh stepped into the shed he found the boat-builder with his horn-rimmed glasses thrust high on his forehead, still digging hopelessly into his pile of papers. Budgen worked at an old rickety desk in one of the closed corners; and to show his indifference he did not glance up, though he heard his visitor's step. The Lieutenant, as he had supposed, looked much as usual, though a sharp eye might have found him a shade harder and gloomier for his late experience. He came a little way in, and after glancing about him addressed Budgen with the air of a man ready to take offence, but restraining himself for the time. 'Can I have a word with you?' he said.

'Well,' the boat-builder replied surlily, 'I be busy! But I've ears. I suppose you can say what you've a mind to say, Lieutenant.'

'Drop that,' Bligh replied sharply. 'I'm not that any more—as you know.'

'As you will. Have it your own way. What is it?'

'Can you give me work?'

Budgen was so much surprised by the question that a good deal of his ill-humour dropped from him. 'Work! What, afore the mast?' he exclaimed. 'Lord bless you, man, it's impossible! See you handle a mallet? Why, the men would do no mortal work hour's end to hour's end, but just gape at you!'

'I hear you've got rid of Fewster. I met him up above.'

'And if I have? What then?'

'What Fewster could do I could do.'

Budgen stared, but his attention was caught. He left his desk and came forward. 'Well, you've lost no time, Lieutenant,' he said, with admiration. 'I will say that.'

'No,' Bligh replied drily. 'If I could eat to-morrow for to-day, there'd be no hurry. As it is I've got to eat to-day, Budgen.'

'What do you count to do, man?'

'What Joe did—but I'd do it. Keep your accounts,' he cast a glance at the desk, 'and overlook the men when you are not here. And tally stores in and out.'

'Umph! Well, you'd be honest, I do believe. There is that,' the boat-builder allowed, calculation in his eyes. 'I will say, there's that.'

Bligh reddened, but he did not answer. He saw that the other's mind was working in the direction he desired it to take. But presently, seeing that Budgen still pondered and that a word might turn the scale, 'And when the *Lively Peggy* comes in,' he suggested, 'I'd take her out if it suited you.'

Budgen rubbed his chin thoughtfully. 'To be sure,' he agreed. 'To be sure. You'd do for that, or you'd ought to. And Ozias—' he shook his head doubtfully. 'Well, I'm not saying as to that, one way or the other, but there might be a berth. I dunno till she comes to her moorings. I can't say fairer than that one way or the other. Do you come back then, and I don't say we'll not talk about it.'

'No, that won't do,' Bligh replied firmly. 'Take me on now, pay me a pound a week, and when afloat whatever Ozias gets. or near it, and I'm your man. And you'll get a cheap bargain, Budgen. You know that.'

'A pound a week?' Budgen shook his head. He came forward and joined Bligh near the entrance of the shed—perhaps to gain time. 'I see you've your flag flying,' he said, pointing upwards.

Bligh reddened. 'Flag?' he queried. 'What—'

'Well, we call that table-cloth o' yours on the gate there your flag. It's there pretty often, I notice. Seemin'ly you do a deal o' washing up there.'

Bligh looked put out. 'I see,' he muttered. 'I didn't understand.'

Budgen shook his head. 'A pound a week?' he repeated. 'It's a mint o' money that. I'd not thought of taking any one in Joe's place; no more use he was than that there rag on the gate. I can do as well without him as with him. Still—he looked cunningly away—' suppose we say six half-crowns a week, and Ozias's pay when afloat.'

Bligh frowned, but after a moment's thought, 'Very well,

he said curtly. 'I'll come to-morrow morning. No!' he checked himself abruptly. 'To-morrow's Saturday. I'll begin on Monday, if that will suit you?'

Budgen nodded. Inwardly he was pluming himself on a good bargain. 'Week's notice,' he said crustily. He had gained his point.

'Very well. You'll have no call to give it.'

Bligh was turning away when, 'Hallo!' Budgen exclaimed, 'here's Missie! Second time this week, too, I b'lieve.'

Bligh looked round, and saw Peggy Portnal. She was making her way delicately over the rough shingle. He did not pause. 'Very well, that's settled, then,' he said. 'Good-day.'

He moved away, lifting his hat as he met the girl. She bowed, a little colour in her cheeks, and he went by her and took the path that climbed the face of the headland and led to the town.

Peggy came on to Budgen. 'I think I dropped a glove here—on Tuesday,' she said. She seemed to be a little out of breath with her rough walk over the stones. 'Have any of your men found it, do you think?'

'It's in my desk,' Budgen said, speaking politely for him; and he went and fetched the glove from the corner. 'It's well we are honest, Missie, for it's the second time you've dropped it here.'

'Shiftless folk women are, aren't they?' she answered, rewarding him with a bewitching smile. 'Thank you for saving it, Budgen.'

'It came off your namesake, I guess,' he said, handling the glove with knowledge. It was a dainty French thing.

'I've no doubt it did. When will she be in, Budgen?'

But Budgen shook his head. 'What you don't know you can't tell,' he said pithily. 'There's things as easy dropped as your glove, Miss Peggy, and no picking of them up again.'

The girl pouted. 'I should have thought that I might be trusted!' she said. 'My own boat, Budgen!'

'Ay, ay, Missie, in a manner o' speaking, your boat. But other men's lives. Little tongues carry far, and least said is soonest mended. What with the smugglers and others news passes too easy—it's across in a night, and you none the wiser. But never you fret, I'll send you word when she's sighted, Miss. And failing all you'll hear the bells soon enough if so be as she brings in a prize, as I hope.'

'She's not been lucky lately, has she?'

Budgen's face fell. 'No, Miss, you never said a truer word,' he replied. 'All going out and nothing coming in, that's what it's been. But no fault o' Copestake's, I will say that. He shivers and shakes, does Ozias, worse than the luff o' the sail going about. But he's good stuff, is Ozias—wonderful good stuff. Staunch as the best bit of oak in my yard, though he do complain amazing. Amazing, he complains, does Ozias.'

CHAPTER III.

THE crown of the headland that drops down on one side to the scrambling street of Beremouth, and on the other falls by a steep and gorse-clad slope to Budgen's Cove, is divided into two halves. On the eastern sits, like a couchant lion, the old Norman church with its squat tower and its spacious graveyard, the latter bounded seawards by a low wall, and within the wall by a walk that owing to its open outlook is a favourite lounge of the Beremouth folk. They climb up to it and walk on it on summer evenings. The western half is occupied by the Rectory, its gardens and out-buildings. These are jealously walled-in, and are accessible only through a frowning portal almost as old as the church.

Between the rectory and the graveyard, and so bisecting the summit of the hill, a cobbled lane runs past the Rectory entrance. It ends abruptly in an arch of graceful, fretted stonework said by tradition to be the window of an old chapel, of which some fragments of the side-walls survive. Ivy has grown over the lower part, and at some period a stone bench has been set there, so placed that a man may sit at his ease and with his elbow on the sill of the window look down on the shifting sea. The arch is in a line with the low churchyard wall, but the seat though open to the lane is shielded from observation on the churchyard side by the ivied side-wall. The place is public, but it abuts on the Rectory, the Rectory gardener clips the ivy and from time to time sweeps out the floor, and in Dr. Portnal's day at any rate few were venturesome enough to encroach on it, or to sit there in the daylight.

For proudly as the Rectory looks down on the little seaport huddled beneath its windows it does not look down upon it with one-half of the aloofness or the stately dignity with which the Rector of that day regarded his flock. The Reverend Augustus Portnal, D.D., Rector of Beremouth with Chiddingfold, Vicar of Ipe and Downton, and Rural Dean of Ipe—and on his lay side

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Chairman of the Beremouth Justices and of the Quorum—was in his own estimation, and indeed in the estimation of others, no common person. He was a power not only in Beremouth but beyond it. Accustomed through a long series of years to have his own way and to see that he had it, he had learned how to secure it at the least cost and with the least exertion. He was not a violent man ; he plumed himself on obtaining his ends by a gentle force never relaxed, as of a soft and irresistible pillow, that as some had learned to their cost drove an opponent to the edge before he awoke to his danger. Suave and bland, he preached this gospel to others, and among his fellows he had a name for it. If a son was inclined to be wild, or a brother magistrate had tripped, it was to the Rector that men turned for advice, and he gave it *ex cathedra*—and it was good advice. Hence, gifted with a strong will, he had come to feel no doubt of himself and some little contempt for others. Nor had it ever occurred to him that tried in his own case the policy for which he was famed might fail him or the methods which he preached to others prove to be beyond his strength—or his patience.

He was not a bad man, but success had somewhat corrupted him. In the imposition, the daily imposition of a will that had not for many a year been seriously challenged he had come to believe in himself to a high and perhaps a dangerous degree, and in that belief his neighbours' appreciation had encouraged him. Handsome, clever, and worldly, he was as much esteemed by the equals who shared his opinions and valued his advice as he was respected by those below him, who by turns admired and hated him.

His bland address blinded many to his arbitrary quality, but it could not blind those who shared his home and his daily life. Augusta, his favourite child—Augusta of the gracious smile, as she was dubbed by more than one jealous mother—understood him, and, perhaps because she had received a double portion of his spirit, her sister's as well as her own, played up to him both finely and sincerely. She partook of his prejudices and found in his suave force something akin to herself. But with his younger daughter it was otherwise. From whatever source Peggy had derived her recalcitrance, she had not only failed to accept her father's measures of value, but she had come to feel, as she grew older, a waxing temptation to rebel against the authority that enforced them. To do so was difficult, for that against which she was moved to revolt was not a tyranny harshly and unpleasantly

displayed. It was rather, as has been said, a slow pressure which her wilful temperament and generous instincts inspired her to resist, even while she felt it to be a force with which it was almost impossible to cope.

There had been times, and many times, when the girl had blamed herself for the feeling; when she had set down her lack of sympathy with her father and sister to the absence of some amiable quality in herself. But as there are bodies that instinctively reject certain drugs, and as a slow compression begets a steady but increasing reaction, so had Peggy's discontent and the temptation to rebel grown with time; until, lately reinforced by a more powerful instinct, they had brought the girl to a point at which in her wisdom or folly she was ready to go all lengths.

For whatever she had not inherited from her father she had derived from him a strong will; so that, with a motive sufficiently potent, and the knowledge that what she desired was forbidden, an explosion had come to be but a matter of time.

Love, pity, and a generous indignation, these, choked down and smouldering, had a little before this supplied the motive; circumstances had applied the match, and the flame was ready to burst forth.

It was in such a temper that a few days after Sir Albercy's visit Peggy left the house before eight one morning, a fair April morning, fresh and sunny. She had only to go some thirty yards to reach the arch that on that spring day framed so fair a view; and surely, it might be argued, to visit it at that innocent hour could impart no harm. But seated on the stone bench below the arch, and sombrely brooding on the bright shimmering surface and the play of light and shadow below him, was a young man.

He did not turn at the girl's approach nor look at her. Nor did he move. Yet he must have heard her coming, for he spoke. 'Why did you summon me?' he asked, and his tone could hardly have been less gracious. 'Why have you come? It is madness, madness, Peggy!' he continued, his voice harsh with pain. 'You might as well cast yourself over this cliff as come to meet such an outcast as I am! It is folly!'

'I do not think so,' she said. She laid her hand on his shoulder as she spoke.

He did not shake the hand off, but he moved impatiently under its pressure. 'You are disgracing yourself!' he cried vehemently and almost savagely. 'I say it again, you might as well throw yourself down from this window as come to meet such as I!'

'I do not think so,' she repeated in the same steadfast tone. But there were tears in her eyes.

'You come only out of pity!' He seemed to be minded to say everything that might hurt her.

But that she would not bear. 'No!' she said. 'No! You know—you know, Charles, that that is not true!'

'A one-armed cripple!' he continued bitterly. 'A disgraced, drunken, broken man! A penniless wreck dependent on his father for the bread he eats and the roof that covers him! You know, you know that you should not have summoned me! You should not have come. You should not have seen me again. It was bad enough and mad enough before, hopeless and impossible. But now there is not a serving wench in Beremouth who would be seen with me in the street, who would not be ashamed to walk with me where she could be seen, who would not shun me like the plague! And you——'

'I will be seen with you,' she said, lifting her head proudly. 'And I will walk with you. I will go with you whenever you say the word, Charles.'

'And be ruined!'

'Then I will be ruined with you.'

He broke down at last. 'Poor, poor girl!' he said. He did not turn, but he put his hand behind him and found her hand.

'No, I am rich,' she said. 'Rich in your love.'

'And I?' His tone grew hard again. 'What am I? Have you thought of that? Have you weighed that? If I suffer this, what shall I be? What shall I seem to be when we are discovered, as one of these days we must be discovered? What? The meanest, the most selfish, the most despicable of wretches! My own father will cry shame on me, ay, even my poor, patient father, who has never uttered one word of reproach or of anger, who has stood by my side and shared my disgrace, though I have robbed him of the last hope of an unhappy life! But you—if I let you do this, if I drag you down with me, even he will call me scoundrel, and cast me off!'

'He shall not cast me off!' she cried, tears in her voice.

That penetrated, that pierced at last the hard crust that had formed about his heart, and 'Oh, Peggy, Peggy!' he sobbed, and he broke down, hiding his face on the shoulder that rested on the ledge of the window, while his whole frame heaved. 'You are high as heaven above me, and shall I drag you down to hell?'

Shall I ruin, disgrace, and beggar you ? Never, never, my dear ! It is done, but it can still be undone ! We must part to-day, and you must never, never come here again. It was all madness—sheer, utter madness before. Your father would never have consented—never have permitted it. And now to love me is to lower yourself to the very dust, to tie yourself to a banned, broken, hopeless man !

‘ But my man,’ the girl said, the tears running down her cheeks. ‘ My man, now and always ! ’

‘ To a drunkard ! ’ he repeated with passion.

‘ No ! ’ she protested, her voice rising. ‘ No, Charles, not that ! For that will not happen again. You will promise me that, that much, I know ? You will do that for me, and I ask no more. You will promise me that ? ’

‘ Promise ? ’ he said bitterly. ‘ What is the worth of my promise ? ’

‘ It was but once,’ she said. ‘ And you have paid for it, oh, so sorely you have paid for it ! And it is done and done with. And whatever we decide to do, you will promise me that ? I sent for you, I came to you for that—for that ; and to tell you that my love is unaltered and unalterable, Charles. I will not leave you until you give me your word, though I stay here until they find me with you ! I have no care, no anxiety, no fear but that.’

He did not answer her. He sat where she had found him, looking over the sea, in the same hopeless attitude in which she had discovered him. He had not once turned to look at her, and she had stood through all with her patient hand on his shoulder. At last, ‘ You know what my father is ? ’ he muttered.

‘ I know, dear,’ she said, and her voice betrayed her distress. ‘ I know.’

‘ It is in the blood.’

‘ If you give way to it. But you are young, Charles, while he is old.’

‘ And you—my God, you would take my word ? ’

‘ If you love me.’

‘ But if I cannot ? Oh, Peggy,’ he cried, ‘ if I cannot trust myself ! ’

‘ I have more faith in you,’ she said firmly.

And still he tried to evade her. ‘ But it is all madness ! ’ he said. ‘ Madness ! It is all useless, hopeless, futile ! We can never be anything to one another.’

‘ I will come to you when you call me.’

'But if I—oh, my dear!' It was the cry of one in anguish. 'How can I! How can I call you? How can I be so wicked, so selfish?'

'Then I will wait,' she replied, 'if it be ten years. I look to wait. And see, dear,' she continued, 'I ask but this one thing. You cannot refuse to give it me. You cannot if you love me.'

He groaned. 'If I promise and do not keep it?' he muttered.

'I trust you.'

'But if I do not?'

'Then—then, I am of all women the most unhappy! But you will keep it.'

He had no confidence in himself, and he hesitated, he still hesitated. 'Nothing can come of it,' he said.

'Everything can come of it,' she persisted. 'Everything, if you give me your word and keep it.'

He was silent, wrestling with himself. But at last and reluctantly he promised her.

'Now,' she said, and her face as she stood over him was radiant, 'I care not what comes. Now nothing matters—nothing! I am as iron that the needle turns from. They may prick and prick, but I shall feel nothing. I can bear all now, Charles. We may have to suffer and to wait, but——'

'But Sir Albery may not wait,' he suggested. He had been hard tried, and he would not hope. Though he loved—and never had he loved her as he loved her at this moment—he could not refrain from tormenting her—and himself.

'You need have no fear of that!' She answered for it hardily. 'I will see to that!' For she was his opposite, she feared nothing. 'No Sir Albery, and no twenty Sir Alberys, shall rob me of my love, or come between thee and me.'

He was melted—who could resist her? And presently in faltering accents, for there was one thing which she did fear—that he might have made up his mind to leave Beremouth—she questioned him about his plans, and what he was going to do. When he told her of the work that he had found at Budgen's, poor and humble as it was and as she knew it to be, she laughed and clapped her hands. 'Oh, I am glad!' she said. 'I feared that you would go away. I would have borne even that, and waited and hoped. But this—oh, I am thankful. It is noble of you!'

'I could not leave my father,' he said, 'and that is the truth. I owe him too much. You do not know him. You have heard

only ill of him. But he is the best, the most loving, the most patient of men. I should be a poor creature if I left him to save myself shame, to escape that which I read in every man's face and every woman's eye.'

'But never in mine!' she declared, her face alight. 'Never! Never! I honour you for it!'

'It is well,' he could not even now expel the bitterness from his tone—'that there is anything you can honour me for!'

'Is there not this?' She pressed his empty sleeve. 'And some day you will be righted, you will be reinstated! I know it, I feel sure of it. And I shall live to see it and be proud—proud of you.'

'If you are looking forward to that——'

'It is nothing to me! Nothing. But for the world's sake! And it will come, be sure.'

'In the next world,' he said sadly. He was without hope, and he could not spare her. 'Anyway, dear, we must not meet after this.'

'Until there is a change,' she agreed. And she sighed. 'If there is, if anything happens, and I must see you, I will loop the window-curtain. Yesterday I was afraid that you might not see it.'

'An honest man would not have. But, God forgive me, I have only you and my father, and I had to see you once if it was but to say good-bye and—and God bless you, dear!'

'I knew you would come. I saw your flag when I went to the Cove. And now I must go. But I go happy, happy! For I have your word, Charles.'

He turned at that, and at last and for a long moment, while she held his hand in both of hers, they looked into one another's eyes, anguish in his, courage and a loving assurance in hers. He pressed her hand, and with a sob that she could not restrain she tore herself away. She sped to the Rectory archway, she turned an instant and flung him a passionate look, a last gesture, and she was gone.

Two minutes later—for young as she was Peggy had all a woman's power of masking her thoughts under a fair show—she was again a part of the life of the house. When the bell for prayers rang and she glided into the dining-room by one door as the servants filed in through the other, her lowered eyes and composed air would have deceived the closest observer. They seemed a fitting tribute, and no more, to the rite that called the household together.

(*To be continued.*)

INDIA AND EDUCATION.

BY DR. HENRY MERCER, M.A., Litt.D.

WE are living to-day in an age when every road, every avenue, and even—as is often the case—every *cul-de-sac* is explored in the eager search after knowledge—an age when everybody is—or thinks he is—a savant and when admitted ignorance is regarded as ‘bad form’—the worst sin an Englishman can be guilty of. We see exemplified in countless ways and in every direction the truth of the old adage that ‘a little learning is a dangerous thing’ and of the Bible dictum that ‘Knowledge puffeth up.’ We are living not in a Stone Age, not in a paleolithic period, but in an educational age when everybody is—or thinks he is—educated and when the number of ‘Mr. Know-All’s’ is legion. In spite of many defects and failures, let it be freely admitted that education has been of incalculable benefit to Europe. In the realm of invention, in the alleviation of suffering, in the adaptation of scientific methods to commercial enterprises, the condition of humanity has, thanks to the influence of education, undergone a process of amelioration, the significance and full importance of which are not yet generally recognised, and we have by no means reached the end of such progress. The truly educated man realises every day how little he *really* knows in comparison with the immense vista of knowledge yet unexplored. The more knowledge mankind possesses the more conscious is man of his ignorance. Education is surrounded by countless fallacies which cluster about it like bees round a honey-pot, and one of the most commonly accepted of these is that education is the product of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries or of the Middle Ages, when clerics reigned supreme and when ‘scholar’ was synonymous with ‘ecclesiastic.’ The ancient civilisation of China, India, Babylon, and other Eastern lands, as well as of Greece and Rome, embraced for its students an education, a philosophy, a knowledge of humanity, and a seeking after further knowledge, the keenness of which would disgrace much of what in these days passes for ‘being well educated.’ We live to-day, unlike our forefathers, in a busy, practical world where ‘smartness’

often usurps the place of knowledge and where familiarity with the ways of Society—always with a capital S!—a facility to hide our real ignorance under a cloak of simulated interest—passes for real knowledge. We visit the world's famous art galleries and stand before the greatest masterpieces and pretend to be thrilled by them, but in reality are intensely bored. We listen to the greatest classical music the world has yet produced and declare it to be wonderful, whereas if we gave expression to our real feelings many of us would confess that it was deadly dull in comparison with 'jazz.' Classical literature is not to be compared to the 'best sellers' or to the *risqué* novel, or even to the erstwhile published 'spicy' divorce. And yet we boast of being a highly educated nation!! There is, of course, the other side—in every nation men and women devoting their lives to the acquisition of real learning, not merely for the pleasure that such acquisition gives to those who acquire it, but the conferring thereby of immeasurable benefits upon our fellow-men, but these—or the majority of them—live and die 'unknown, unhonoured, and unsung,' and it is only after their deaths that the world realises how immense is the debt we owe to those who in their own day and generation were not half so well known and popular as a cinema 'star' or the latest *danseuse* on the music-hall stage. These savants or searchers after knowledge are not the property of any one age or country—they are not the product of any one particular period in the world's history.

Among the countries that have in every century contributed to the world's storehouse of knowledge, India holds no mean place, though possibly her contribution has been more philosophical than practical, more contemplative than aggressive. India's love of knowledge has arisen in past ages and has been fostered and fed until the present day upon the pleasure and prestige its acquisition gives, rather than upon a desire to put such knowledge to a practical use for the benefit of the rest of the world. Abstruse problems, theories regarding reincarnation and the final destiny of the soul, these and such-like have been, and are still, the chief subjects of study and the delight of the Indian 'seeker after truth.' In the centuries-long pursuit after these, in the truths believed in regarding them, Western education has not been the repository from which the stores have been drawn, but the East has maintained its aloofness and its secrecy and has thus acquired an education and a civilisation peculiarly its own. The result upon the whole has been to produce two extreme parties—the first—and by far

the smallest—deeply versed in the lore and legends, the superstition and mysticism of the past—the second with a very rudimentary and imperfect knowledge even of the art of reading and writing, while mathematics is confined to the making out of small accounts, generally incorrectly. The ‘illiterates’ still form by far the majority of India’s population, and even in the case of those who possess a smattering of what we call modern education, this smattering is so interwoven and interlaced with the influence of centuries of philosophy and superstition, religious and otherwise, so overloaded with caste prejudices and Indian social customs, that it is entirely lacking in practical power. Upon this barren soil of home-grown education there have sprung up thousands who in their eager search for more knowledge—with appetites whetted by the little they have seen of Western education and its achievements, and the vistas of the unknown world which education invitingly dangled before their eyes—have turned to the Western world to find, if possible, some satisfaction for the new-born craving of which they have become conscious. They have turned to the West, however—and this point must always be borne in mind—not as a child who with open mind and free of any preconceived notions turns to its teacher—but with a mind already impregnated with Eastern ideas—a mind steeped in religious superstition, revelling in mysticism and imbued with sentiment and a lack of the practical. Western education *per se* has little or none of these, and when the Indian seeker after knowledge first realises this, the shock is great. All his preconceived ideas go by the board, his theories are rapidly exploded, and like a rudderless ship he finds himself upon an unknown ocean, the immensity of which he has no conception of. He finds Western education intensely practical, concerned only with theories in so far as they lead to facts; mysticism, superstition, even religion he speedily learns are regarded merely as barriers to further knowledge, and as such must be broken down. Gradually as he absorbs Western ideas his viewpoint changes, speculation gives place to a practical outlook, spiritualism yields to materialism, and contentment—the product of his past environment—to unrest—the product of the present, and we have in embryo the Indian agitator aroused to the state of ignorance among his own people, inspired by half-assimilated notions of freedom and liberty—the product of his studies—burning with a desire to be the agent of deliverance, the herald of a new era of progress to his country. It must not be supposed—

and no one familiar with education and its great pioneers (for the best have only 'blazed the trail' as an advance guard) would even dream of imagining—that our Western education has only succeeded in creating Indian agitators and disgruntled politicians. On the contrary, it has produced in every department—in art, science, law, economics, and literature—'mighty men of valour' whose well-balanced minds have absorbed what is best in East and West, and have cast the dross away, and who to-day merit the respect and admiration not only of their own mighty Empire of India, but of the whole of the educated and uneducated world. These men, however, are the exceptions, not the rule, and in weighing up the merits and demerits of any system its *general effect*, not its result in a few isolated cases, must be taken into consideration.

What, then, has been the general effect of Western education and its methods upon India as a whole? This question is perhaps best answered in two parts. First, the effect of our educational methods upon the general populace, the vast majority of whom never leave India both from reasons of expense and also because it is against the creed of a strict Hindu 'to cross the big water.' Education in India is under two distinct authorities—the local governments and the various Missionary Societies. It is an oft-quoted saying that figures can be used to prove anything, and statistics of school attendances prove very little regarding educational attainments, so for the purposes of this article they can be ignored. The education provided by the different Missionary Societies, however efficient it may be—and the ability and qualifications of the missionaries vary exceedingly—is handicapped by the belief, firmly embedded in the Indian mind, that their *real* object is not education but proselytism, and too often this belief has been well founded. It may sound very unorthodox and rouse the ire of supporters of foreign missions, but it is nevertheless the firm conviction of many educationalists who know India and the mentality of the peoples of India, that education would make far better progress and be more readily welcomed by the masses if it were in other hands than the missionaries'. This is not said in any disparagement of the self-denying and zealous work done by the majority of missionaries to India, irrespective of creed or church, but solely as the conviction, based upon several years both in observation of, and intercourse with Indian opinion of every social order and of none. By all means let India welcome and support missionaries, especially the splendid work done by the medical missions, but let the mission-

aries confine their efforts to religious works and thus rid themselves of the accusation now frequently—possibly unjustly—levelled against them, that education in their hands is only an excuse for trying to make converts to their faith. In the schools under the control of the various governments, the standard of education is low, but under existing conditions, with little money available for educational work and with teachers imperfectly trained—if trained at all—one cannot expect a high standard or much interest either among teachers or scholars. Still, elementary education is spreading among what in England would be designated as the lower and middle classes, and at least in its elementary stages can do nothing but good.

It is, however, with the second answer to our question that this article is principally concerned, viz. the effect of our Western education upon the upper-class Indian—its effect upon a son whose father can afford to send him to an English public school and University. The scholastic records of the young Indians who have come to England to complete their education show plainly that they are no whit behind other members of our Empire, or other nations in Europe, in the acquisition of knowledge from an academic point of view. But real education means more than ability to pass examinations. It is the gradual, and frequently unconscious, absorbing into one's whole being of the beliefs, the knowledge, the very atmosphere of centuries of research and study in such a way that all this becomes a part of our nature, guiding our actions, giving 'tone' to our whole life and imbuing us with principles to be translated into practical conduct in the problems confronting us, whether individual or national. It is a condition of 'being' rather than of 'brain,' and it is in the creation of this that Western education seems to fail with the majority of Indians, though there are, of course, notable exceptions. Inquiry into the reasons why upper-class Indians desire an English education would evoke many curious replies. In some cases the reason undoubtedly is a desire for more knowledge for its own sake, irrespective of the power that knowledge gives. The lore and learning of India have whetted the appetite and created an eager spirit of inquiry. But these cases are few, and with the majority the desire for Western education arises from the desire to see Western life and enjoy to the full the pleasures and distractions London and England offer; in short, to have what is known as 'a thoroughly good time.' 'Here in India we have no freedom. In England we can do as we like,'

was the candid reason given recently by a young Indian for coming to London. Combined with this desire 'to see life' there is often exhibited the possession of keen business acumen and a feverish passion to become acquainted with business methods of the get-rich-quick category, in order to exploit these upon their less 'educated' (!) countrymen on their return to India. There exists a belief that Indians with a knowledge—however superficial such knowledge may be—of Western commercial ways are better able to compete successfully against rivals than those without such knowledge. Few would gainsay the truth of this—though it savours of the policy of 'set a thief to catch a thief'—but would none the less prefer to do business with the Indian who has never left his native land rather than with his 'smart,' semi-educated countryman who has enjoyed 'a good time' in London, and who boastingly declares that 'in business there is no such thing as morality.' But few, comparatively speaking, of the Indians who come to Europe for education return to take up business careers. The majority belong to princely houses and ancient families whose traditions extend far back into history and who in their turn will undertake the responsible duties of ruling the Native States of India.

The average Englishman knows little of these States or of the loyalty and devotion of their rulers to the Empire and the King. Newspapers publish accounts of 'Disturbances in India,' 'Riots and Pillage,' and those unfamiliar with India shrug their shoulders and talk wildly about the whole country being in a state of rebellion and under Bolshevik influences, and forget altogether—possibly have never even heard of—the vast territory known as the Native States, ruled over by Indian rulers, where—thanks to the ability of the rulers—'agitators cease from troubling and the followers of Gandhi are at rest.' The part played by the Native States of India and their rulers on behalf of the Empire during the Great War has never been fully realised or appreciated by the British Empire. Not only in the war areas did they materially assist the forces of our Empire, but—and perhaps of more value—the influence they exerted in India itself during the dark days when the air was dull of sedition was an influence of incalculable value. The presence of these loyal citizens in the Native States had undoubtedly a steadying and sobering effect upon the turbulent spirits in British India and contributed in no small degree towards saving the whole country from the horrors of another mutiny. Hospital ships were purchased and fitted out, native troops were

armed and equipped, and in many cases paid, by the rulers of these States without any cost to the Imperial Government, which—at least in one instance—rewarded the ruler of a large State, who had contributed thousands of pounds, with the coveted O.B.E.!!!

It is in the Native States of India and in the persons of their rulers—with a few possible exceptions—that the effects of Western education are seen at their best. It must not be supposed that the scions of these ruling houses are ignorant and unlearned ignoramuses when they leave the shores of India for an English public school or for one of our Universities. In the majority of cases they have been carefully and ably 'coached' by well-qualified tutors—both European and Indian—and are quite able to take their place, from an educational point of view, with European students of their own age. Moreover—and perhaps this is of more importance than scholastic ability—they have been taught the meaning of that comprehensive term—which embodies so much to a Englishman—'playing the game,' and codes of honour, integrity, and honesty, of which before they were in ignorance, have been inculcated as the basis of England's greatness. They arrive on our shores imbued with lofty ideals, fired with enthusiasm and inspired by what they have already learnt of our justice and civilisation. They are keenly ambitious to achieve success in the academic arena and throw themselves with zeal and energy into the various courses of studies marked out for them. Socially, they are treated as equals, and because as a rule their purses are well lined 'certain lewd men of the baser sort' fawn upon them and proceed as rapidly as possible to fatten upon their ignorance of European customs. Fêted, fawned upon, and lionised by a section of what fancies itself as 'Society,' it is little to be wondered at if some among them become infected with swollen heads and are turned into insufferable prigs. We can afford to leave them in the oblivion which is so distasteful to them, and turn to those who have survived the welter of excitement and distraction inseparable from the complete change of environment and who quietly pursue the prescribed course of studies and secure the coveted degree. And then—perhaps slowly, perhaps suddenly—begins the process of disillusionment. From an academic point of view the Indian graduate of an English University is on an equality with his English fellow-graduates, and as long as he remains in England there will be no barriers raised, either socially or in any other way, because of his birth. But when, fired with

enthusiasm for his country, elated by his success, and longing to use his Western education and experience for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen, he returns to India, he realises with a shock—the intensity of which is seldom gauged by English people—that he is still in many ways a social outcast, considered unfit to associate with those who treated him as an equal in his university days.

He is at first stunned by the knowledge; then the sense of justice he has heard so much of in England rouses him to passion and resentment, and he becomes a violent and active opponent of English rule in India. Thus Western education, coupled with custom, creates the agitators and disturbers of peace in that country. An Indian, who had just completed a brilliant university career in England, was returning to his native land on one of the large liners. Quiet, unassuming, and with excellent manners, he was treated by the English on board, who were returning to India, with that cold aloofness and disdain which is far more killing to the susceptibilities of a highly strung and sensitive nature than any amount of open contempt. In less than a week this man, brooding over the injustice of the treatment, smarting under the sense of inferiority which in countless ways he had been made to realise, yet conscious of his intellectual superiority to many of those whose assumed airs cloaked their ignorance, had become an embittered anti-English revolutionary, and is to-day proprietor and editor of one of the most aggressively disloyal native newspapers in India.

Another product of our Western education is found in the new—and many of the old—Indian Universities. Indians with English university degrees, bitterly resenting the condition of social inferiority in which they find themselves upon returning to their native land, have talked loudly and incessantly, both in Parliament and outside, of the necessity of providing more educational facilities in India, more universities, and those who have talked the loudest—it has often been the case of 'empty vessels making the most sound!'—have been appointed vice-chancellors, professors, and lecturers, free to disseminate in the lecture halls as much treason and disloyalty as they desire. It might be quite a useful experiment—it certainly would be a revelation—were such a thing possible—to publish the lectures given in some of the Hindu and Mohammedan Universities and help us to realise the kind of harvest which is springing up from the seeds of Western education which have fallen upon ground choked with weeds. In the larger

Universities conditions are different, and professors and lecturers as a rule are content to confine themselves to the prescribed syllabus of work, but the smaller and more recent Universities are a fruitful field for the sowing of seeds of discontent and disloyalty, and their activities in this direction should be far more carefully watched than they are at present.

One other field for the Indian educated agitator may be noticed—one perhaps which affords the greatest scope, and one which at any rate brings him the greatest notoriety—viz. the political. Gandhi's policy of abstention from all public offices, including membership of the Indian parliaments, failed because—among other reasons—it ignored the possession by his followers of the love of the limelight, so dear to many English politicians also, as distinct from statesmen—these latter, alas! few in number to-day—and the *summum bonum* of 90 per cent. at least of the would-be representatives of India in its governing assemblies. To refrain from accepting office meant—as was speedily realised—retiring out of the glamour and popular excitement so much sought after by many natures both European and Asiatic. To be in the public gaze, even though it may mean abuse and contumely, is the greatest ambition of many politicians the world over, and India is no exception to the rule. It is not surprising, therefore, that the pendulum swung in the opposite direction, that Gandhi's policy was shelved, and widespread, very determined, and successful efforts made to capture every possible position—in Parliament, Councils, etc.—and there oppose legislation proposed by official or European members.

This organised opposition is not in the hands of ignorant agitators, but of keen Western-educated men who have been apt pupils in learning 'all the tricks of the trade' and are masters in the art of blocking legislation. The result of British rule in India during the last decade has been to very greatly lessen our prestige and gradually to give over into Indian hands the future destinies of that vast country. How that future will develop it is impossible to forecast. Fortunately for India, she possesses many sane and far-seeing statesmen whose Western education has been something far above merely passing examinations—men who, with the proverbial patience of the East, have carefully, patiently, and intelligently studied the problems and difficulties of other countries in a sincere and loyal endeavour to find a solution to the problems and difficulties confronting their own, and it is to these men and

the influence they can wield upon their fellow-countrymen that we must look for the future welfare of India. The period of ten years of partial self-government was very strongly resented by the majority of Indians, who looked upon it as a period of probation and considered it therefore as an insult. But it has accomplished good if only in pointing out the weaknesses of the reforms schemes, and showing in what way these weaknesses can be remedied. It has given plenty of opportunity for free and open discussion and criticism, friendly and otherwise, and 'letting off steam' is often a very useful and beneficial thing both with nations and individuals. India, slowly perhaps, but none the less surely, has begun to realise her great responsibility both to herself and the Empire. She has 'felt her feet' in matters of local government, preparatory to standing squarely upon them, and though she may have had many 'falls' and done some foolish things, her progress towards her ambition has been considerable. In the progress already achieved in this direction, as well as in the hoped-for still greater progress in the future, it cannot be too strongly emphasised that it is the influence and example of responsible Indians themselves which count far more than European influence—official or otherwise—an influence and example in the majority of cases based upon the great fundamental principles of Western education assimilated not merely from the academic standpoint but from the point of view which embraces the practical application of those principles of study and research as they affect the whole nature of man in his dealings with his fellows, and in the solution of the various social, political, and economic problems which confront him.

A BERKSHIRE FAMILY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY MARY BATHURST DEANE.

TOWARDS the latter end of the eighteenth century, when George III. was on the throne, Reading was a small country town, a nest of thatched cottages and warm brick houses 'embosomed,' as Miss Mitford said, 'in greens'; its two most prominent inhabitants were 'Good John Deane' and 'Wicked John Deane.'

The former lived at 'The Great House' or 'The Forebury House,' occupying the site of the grand old Abbey. He was descended from William Dene 'The ryche man of Redyne,' whose property was exempted when, on the ruthless pillage of the ancient foundation, the greater tythes were bestowed on Richard Englefield.

The family had been landowners in Berkshire from the time of Sir John de Dene of Wallingford, Commissioner for Array in the thirteenth century. Before that they were Denes of the Forest of St. Briavels or Le Dene, where their castle still stands. Good John would not have held this property and the Hartley Court estate, if it had not been for the death of Deodatus, son of Robert Deane, who died of scarlet fever at Eton College at the age of fourteen. The bereaved father, an elderly man, thereupon made his will leaving his seven or eight Berkshire properties among his six great-nephews. Hugh, the eldest of these, came into lovely Binfield Park and Wokingham Manor.

'Wicked' John—antithesis is always tempting—traced back his ancestry to Robertus de Dena, cupbearer to Edward the Confessor. Farther back there was Hamon Le Dene, 'le Hardi,' who commanded the first 6000 horse at the battle of Val é Dunes, and was slain in single-handed attack on the King of the Franks, pealing forth his war-cry 'St. Amant, sire, St. Amant!'

As Denes of Dene (Deene), Northamptonshire, this line had a few centuries of prosperity, until young Clement de Dene (who probably owned that copy of Chaucer's works lately so curiously recovered), having bequeathed his five lordships to his *stepfather*, died aged seventeen! One branch, however, kept up their heads in Lincolnshire and Hampshire, despite spoliation in Cromwell's time,

and the dropping of £100,000 in the South Sea Bubble. Finally, there seems no doubt that these Denes, as well as those of the Forest, came of the stock of the Counts of Pontaudemer, whose direct ancestor was Rolf the Ganger, first sovereign Duke of Normandy. Through the French princess Ghisla, his wife, they could reckon Charlemagne and King Alfred among their progenitors—here is honour enough, and wicked John greatly prized his ancestry—while to good John it was but vanity. In the eighteenth century, the griffin and chevron shield bearing the mullets of de Bohun met the crusading lion and crescents of Deene, and the two were united when John of the oldest and most picturesque house in Reading, whose courtyard opened into Friars Street, married ‘Sally, sure the loveliest lass’ (as John the Wicked wrote), daughter and heiress of John of the Abbey House.

Sarah-Ann’s successful lover held the lucrative appointment of Receiver-General for the county; he was witty, good looking, ‘an elegant scholar,’ a charming host, the most popular of bachelors, the most ardent of Tories—also the most confirmed gambler, who, as a member of White’s exclusive club, rattled the dice with William Pitt and the Prince of Wales. At the Reading Club and at Mr. Dodd’s, the Member for Reading, he was a constant holder of the cards, and guinea points were usual. On the death of Horace Walpole’s friend, Mr. Dodd, he sent his steward to the sale of his effects, with orders to purchase a certain portly teapot of ‘Oliver Cromwell’ ware, famous for the green tea punch it served. Seven other squires desired that same memorial of jovial meetings, but John Deane secured it, and with its silver spout it filled an honoured place among the more beautiful china at Hartley Court, and after.

One of John’s earliest recollections was of peeping through a keyhole and seeing his father with guests, who had arrived hooded and cloaked in mystery. ‘The gentlemen were on their knees, toasting a picture.’

This was a portrait of the Chevalier St. George, with whom this Round Robin clique kept up a correspondence until 1745. The party was Lord Cornbury, Messires Deane, Cope, Jenkinson, Lacy, and Bassett of Deane.

What Good John thought of his brilliant son-in-law is not known. He in due time being gathered to his fathers, the younger couple removed their family and household gods to the Great House—with Hartley Court for their summer residence. Five children filled Sarah-Ann’s nursery. She was a quiet, gentle soul, who

brought up two sons and three daughters very successfully by the simple rule of the catechism, and gave John amazing good dinners after the precepts of 'The English Art of Cookery.' With burnt sack, brandy, and maraschino without stint, eggs and cream unlimited, two courses—nineteen dishes—graced the old oak or new mahogany tables. You are told the wine of gooseberry is 'Very like Frontiniac.' (Should your well-stocked cellars give out, you could always manage a new supply of cognac and claret, via the smugglers' pack-horses. Did not Hon. Members flourish silk handkerchiefs that had never paid duty when they held forth in the House ?)

Sarah-Ann's devotion to her nursery vexed John's fastidious spirit. 'Mrs. Deane,' he said, 'I did not marry you to be head nurse to my children. I can afford servants to attend to them.'

An oval frame inset with seven charming little water-colour portraits shows us the whole family. 'Betty,' a wicked baby pretending to be demure, is in the central oval. Mr. Deane's urbane and humorous face is set off by smooth powdered hair tied with a ribbon, his tall slender figure by a light blue coat with a gold-edged square collar. Mrs. Deane, in whale-boned sky-blue brocade, wears rich lace over her high, powdered hair and her neck. Ann and Jane, both pretty—Ann intelligent, Jane pensive—wear India muslin and gauze caps with white roses. John and Robert are in nankeen suits, the younger boy with a blue sash like Betsy's. All have the hair curled and cut across the forehead, and all have nice little snub noses. John is grave and sedate, as he remained through life, Robert is full of suppressed mischief. John did credit to the Eton of his day—when its numbers were smallest—and Etonians took home to their mothers broad-sheets full of moral maxims. 'Wisdom, Eloquence, History, and Strength' are personified 'Conducting the studies of a young Gentleman.' Below in careful round-hand is written 'Nothing which Reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind.' 1785 has the life of St. Paul ; 1786 'Valentine and Orson' ! 'John Deane scripsit' foots the sheet. 1786 found Mr. Deane Mayor of Reading. There never was lacking one of a county family to fill the post. John refused knighthood that year because 'a tailor' at Oxford was knighted. It was the Jubilee year, and in February Jane, aged thirteen, writes in her scrappy diary, 'Went to the County Meeting and signed the Address.'

A small pile of red, brown, or green morocco pocket-books, tied

with ribbon, contain Jane's brief entries. For that year 'The gift of my aunt Zinzan' is inscribed. Sometimes it is 'The gift of mama.'

'I won my bet with my uncle Matthias, 2s. 6d.' John's brother was an amiable inebriate of enormous girth, unfailingly kind to the children. Two generations later some sprite would plead, 'Please, papa, will you lend me Uncle Matt?' And from a waistcoat pocket would come a much-desired tortoiseshell penknife.

Jane: 'Took a ride in the chariot with mama and Ann.' Sometimes Miss Springett, the good genius of the schoolroom, was of the party.

'Mama gave me sixpence for behaving well.' 'Had a great deal of company and won 9d. at cards.' 'A shilling for calling papa.' She buys a grate for Betsy, a tart, an orange. Goes 'with Mrs. Andrewes to the Nomination for the County.' It was said that John Deane held the two Members in 'the hollow of his hand.' 'Colonel Vansittart (the Tory candidate) dined here. Mr. Neville came from Lindon.' The (Aldworth) Nevilles were descended from the heiress of Thomas Deane, 'One of the Worthies of the West,' as Fuller states.

'Mr. Cobham and Colonel Stewart dined, drank tea, and spent the evening here.' Hyson at 16s. a pound was much drunk. So many toasts were necessary after the 4 o'clock dinner, in good port and claret, that green tea was in request for cooling the manly brow—snuff out of a gold box also assisted.

'Drank tea in the summer house. Gave John a shilling, Robert sixpence. Bow and arrow for Betsy 2d., 1d. for gum Ariaback.' 'Took a walk with Rush, Charlotte and Ann Stowe.' The retriever takes precedence of the Rector's daughters.

'Rode on horseback with papa and C. T.' Charles Taylor was the very handsome son of a well-known physician of Reading. In his Winchester School holidays he spent most of his time at the Deanes'. Young John was his friend, Jane the object of his devotion. Mr. Deane liked the boy, but—Jane was budding into the Beauty of Berkshire, and was to make a great match—some day! At present her father wanted her at home—but '*On ne badine pas avec l'amour.*' It was a lifelong love story of the girl who, in rhyming eulogy of the beauties of the pantiles at Tonbridge, one year was named as 'Lovely, modest, and retiring Deane.'

Jane had been staying with her friend the daughter of Sir Henry Coombe, and wrote to her in October :

'Dear Miss Coombe as you are so obliging as to answer my last letter I would not let our correspondence fall through, though I fear my scrawl can afford you little pleasure. The lecture you gave Ann in your last has prevailed on her to write. . . . I am sorry to find you are still such a strong friend of Mr. Fox, but hope when we have the pleasure of seeing you at Reading, we shall all be of the same opinion in politics, as I flatter myself, it is the only thing we differ upon.

'I remain your most sincere and affectionate friend JANE DEANE.'

The pocket book records 'The cat killed my bulfinch in the schoolroom. Betsy's bird died a natural death.' 'The Dutchess of Athole and Lord Charles came to tea.' Ann, now about sixteen, was staying with the Sclaters at Tangier Park. She gives Jane an account of rides and visitors. At Basingstoke they saw 'Grand-mama and Aunt Zinzan.' Mrs. Zinzan had been to Southampton, and it did not agree with her, so she went to Lymington. Ann supposes 'It agreed with her very well, for she met friends and was made much of.' Madam Zinzan, as Reading called her, was the widow of an Oxford celebrity. Her house in the Oxford Road (Reading) was called 'The Bower of Bliss' by Kitty Deane from Waltham St. Laurence—that place where the six grand-nephews of 'Old Robert' had 'kicked to pieces in the garden the boots worn by Tovyne Deane at the Battle of Worcester.' Every morning at 8 o'clock Mrs. Zinzan walked to St. Mary's church. In winter she wore pattens and her maid carried a lantern. The Zinzans were nobles of Lucca, expelled in a revolt and massacre. They were Equerries to the Tudor and Stuart sovereigns. Sir Sigismund taught Prince Henry tilting. His sons bore the escutcheons of Scotland and of Cornwall at the funeral of that lamented prince.

Sir Sigismund's portrait, painted in the Netherlands (with that of his son Henry by one of the brothers Hals), joined the Deane family pictures. Sir George Scharf greatly admired it, and said that it was unique in some points of the tournament dress.

Ann's next letter is from home to Jane at Tangier Park. The regiment, afterwards known as the Black Brunswickers, was camped just outside the park, and Jane was taken in the summer evenings to hear their beautiful singing.

The home news includes a visit from a 'performing dogg,' who on being ordered to pick out the gentleman of the company who was most fond of the ladies, selected that elegant young 'blood' Tom Deane, from Winchester and Ruscombe, 'which to be sure brought the laugh of the whole company upon him.'

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Ann and 'Our party' rejoice greatly on the passing of the Paving Bill for Reading. In one letter she almost apologises to Jane for having been mistaken for her. A miniature of Ann, radiant and lovely, after the type of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire (among whose forebears was Jane, sister of Richard Deane, General-at-Sea), excites some wonder that she was not admired so much as Jane. She had the animation her sister lacked, and the personal charm that made her father so extraordinarily popular all his life.

Mr. Deane was now Deputy-Lieutenant for the County—and light-heartedly engaged in ruining his family at the card tables, and with 'the rattling of dice' that 'shook down' so many of the 'oaks' of the old houses. He himself in moments of gravity used to shake his head and declare that the family had never prospered since it had a regicide in it, *i.e.* Cromwell's confidential friend Richard Deane, who, however, laid down his life in the moment of the great naval victory off the Nore in 1653. He was buried in the royal vault, Westminster Abbey—and turned out again into St. Margaret's churchyard. The Deanes of Etloe and those of Devon struck the 'a' out of their name, hating to be known as his (distant) cousins.

In 1786 Mr. Deane issued a proclamation on behalf of the French refugees who had come to Reading, invoking kindness and assistance. It was said that, from Queen Charlotte down to the children in the new Sunday schools, all contributed to the relief of the persecuted French loyalists. During the terror 900 priests were fed by the bounty of Protestant England. Mr. Deane turned to their use, as a pin manufactory, a small Gothic building known as the Oracle, in which Denes had served as chantry priests.

Ann's letters are gay and busy—she rides, she paints Cocker-mouth Castle for her father's friend the Member, Mr. Gooforth, she learns a new hunting song from Miss Roebuck, she works Betsy's frock with pin stitch and finds it 'monstrous tiresome,' she receives a copy of birthday verses from an admirer who trusts Heaven to 'Make her tread in Virtue's ways,' she takes Jane's wax dolls into her possession for their safety, and she refuses Colonel Stewart—upon which she is locked up on bread and water—since, being driven into a corner by his persistence, she exclaims at last, 'Sir, if you will have my reasons—you are too old, and too ugly!' And he remained her loyal friend all the days of his life.

Meanwhile Robert is a cadet at Woolwich, and writes in brilliant spirits :

'MY DEAR MOTHER,

'We had a proper row with the townspeople yesterday afternoon. Some of them insulted two of the cadets. We chased them about three miles and back again into the town, and in the evening about twenty great men with amazing large clubs, and stones as big as cricket balls attacked ten of us in the Rope walk.

'We drew our swords and formed in line, and they cried "Surround them!" Upon which we wheeled backward on the left where we had a heap in our rear so they could not come behind us. Then we attacked them, cut one man's head, another's shoulder, and stabbed another, and in a quarter of an hour gained a great victory. They did not think we should have been so resolute, as the Company is in general very small, but they found the difference for we stood by one another, and they called a truce. And well they did for if they had stood any longer every soul would have been cut to pieces. There has not been such an engagement for this long time. One of the cadets had his face and eye laid open with a stone, and that is all the injury we received.

'I have filled my paper, and therefore will conclude with duty to my relatives and compliments to my friends.

'And am my dear mother your dutiful son ROBERT DEANE.'

This letter seems to have made a sensation at home. Robert writes:

'MY DEAR MOTHER,

'I have received all your letters and things which you have sent, and for which I am much obliged, but am sorry you should have such an opinion of me as to think I am in the Black Hole. As for Betty I shall give her a trimming in the summer for if I had deserved it you may depend upon it I should have been there by now.

'Pownay (from Andover) has come and seems to like it very much. I don't doubt his getting on at the Academy because he is steady. I daresay I shall make a very good neux of him, as he is willing to do his duty. To make it easier for him I make the neuxes, but one and him, take it week and week about, as I should not like him to do all, and it would be partial to make the other do it. I am very sorry you should think we went out with intent to kick up a row, as we only did it for our own safety, and as for my sword being taken away it is all *barum*!

'I called on the Speaker (Addington) last week when I was in town, but he was not at home. As I am confident I have never abused his patronage I don't doubt his being glad to see me.

'I had a pleasant party on Sunday last with some more cadets and had another encounter, *alias* row, with the sailors of a sloop

which was lying in the river. They were exceedingly saucy and impertinent, so we went on board and thrashed them, *alias* gave them the rope end in style, till we made them very peaceable, and then we came off in our boat victorious and had an exceedingly pleasant afternoon. And all for sixpence.

‘With duty and compliments distributed

‘Your dutiful son ROBERT DEANE.’

The first wedding in the family took place in this year 1786, when Ann dropped an extinguisher on the hopes of many ardent admirers, including the Speaker (afterwards Lord Addington) by her marriage with her cousin Charles Meredith Deane. His father, Henry Deane of Warmley Tower, died, and was buried in Syston church, whither before long his wife, Ann Meredith, followed him; a stone in the chancel telling ‘They were noted for their good works.’ Their son, Charles, was a lieutenant in the 27th Light Dragoons, and he and dear delightful Ann had loved one another all their happy lives. He must needs ride seventy miles on one horse to dance with her at a Reading Assembly to which none but ‘Manor House people’ were admitted; and, when he stood with her on the oaken dais in Warmley Tower, it was as the direct descendant of Meredyth-ap Owen-ap Tudor, the last sovereign prince of the old Welsh blood. ‘The Tower’ showed the claim of the famed ‘ragged lion with the broken chain’; as also the tower that still is at beautiful Sothernwood Castle, now called ‘The Rocks,’ from whence Ann Meredith was married. Charles was said to be the handsomest man in His Majesty’s army, and he was assuredly one of the best, both in war and in peace.

It was before Ann’s marriage that, one day, when she and Jane were riding out with their father, he took them to a house in Reading saying he had something to show them. There, to their surprise and joy, they saw a fine portrait of him on an easel, three-quarters length, life size. It was the work of a painter (I think named Young) who, it was said, would have rivalled Gainsborough if he had lived longer. The picture may well be taken for a Gainsborough. The tall, slender, distinguished figure in a green shooting coat with silver buttons, white waistcoat and buff knee breeches, stands well against a russet, leafy background holding a favourite gun—one he bought from a French lady. A heap of game and a charming setter complete the picture. In one hand is a wide, low-crowned beaver hat. If you desire to be admired and loved by posterity—have such a charming portrait painted!

Young John was the next to leave home. A small oil painting of the boy of sixteen shows him wise and pleasingly snubby still, in Eton Montem costume. Jane was staying with their great-uncle, Canon Bostock, at Windsor during his last half at Eton. Dr. Davies, the Headmaster, used to be a frequent guest at the Canon's. One evening a silvery voice came from behind his chair at the whist table, 'If you please, sir, will you give John Deane and John Sumner a holiday to-morrow? It is John Deane's birthday.' 'No, no!' was the gruff reply, then a sly look round. 'Oh, Miss Jenny! I can refuse nothing to such a pretty girl.' So the two cousins—the future Archbishop, and the future E.I.C. Director and Judge, had their holiday.

Ann and Jane were treated with much kindness at the Castle. Oftentimes they danced with the princes, and made flannel petticoats for the poor with the handsome and kind-hearted princesses. They knew something of undercurrents and romances in high places, but knew better than to tattle. Dr. Bostock held Windsor and two other Berkshire livings. His home was Beenham House, notable among those perfect old English homes standing in golden light among their oaks and broad meadows. John Bostock of blessed memory kept the three parishes because they had been committed to him, put a good man in each, to whom he gave the whole stipend, and for all needs his private purse was open. He visited them in rotation, and the vicars in charge had but one complaint, his sermons were so good that they spoilt the rustics for the commonplace. He was delicate and asthmatic. His father, also Vicar of Windsor, said to the sexton, 'How is it, Dibble, you don't bury in that sunny spot between the buttresses?' 'Why, your Honour,' said the sexton, 'I be a-keeping that snug lying for master Johnny.'

The King was fond of the gentle and genial Canon. Jane was out one morning with her great-uncle, when pattering feet and a quick voice came behind, 'Too cold for you, Dr. Bostock, too cold for you!' And one morning a new scullery maid was scrubbing the door steps, when 'A nice old gentleman in a blue coat' stopped to ask after Dr. Bostock. She had not expected this view of her anointed sovereign.

At one of the balls at the castle, the Prince of Wales—then the young and good-looking 'Florizel' (of poor Perdita)—came up to John Deane. 'Mr. Deane,' he said, 'your daughter, Miss Jane, is so lovely you ought to keep her under a glass case.' That

mischievous Betty vowed that 'papa' packed Jane off to Scotland next day!

By this time Charles Taylor was wearing the beautiful regimentals of the 20th Light Dragoons, and seems to have enjoyed a good deal of leave—which meant blissful dangling about wherever Jane happened to be. 'C. T.' is with them when they all go up to see young John off by the great Indiaman *Kent*, that one day was to go down with the gallant 31st Regiment drawn up in line on her deck singing the National Anthem. *R.I.P.*

C. T. dines and goes to a cotillion ball with them. He is Jane's partner at her coming out ball at home, January 3, 1787. 'The most charming evening I ever spent in my life,' writes Miss Jenny. He goes with them to the 'Exhibition' at Somerset House, precursor of the Royal Academy, but not to Ranelagh, which Jane finds too crowded for enjoyment. She is 'Much entertained with sacred music.' Then Mr. Blagrove of Bulmarsh escorts her to Ascot, and she is greatly disappointed when his horse Merryandrew is beaten by Prodigal. After the races they all dined with the Hugh Deanes at Binfield Park, where Jane played 'batt and ball' with the children. One of these little girls married a Count de Bylandt, Ambassador of the Netherlands. She sees the 'Beggar's Opera' in its first run of popularity.

When the shooting season begins they 'see a great deal of company.' On the opening day Mr. Deane's party consists of 'Lord Ashbrooke, Captain Pye (M.P.), Captain Sheppard and Mr. Blagrove.' 'C. T. came to tea and brought me a huswife.' Then—'Visible eclipse of the sun. Gave 4d. for a poppy ribbon—Mr. Blagrove staying here. *Had my ears boxed.*'

Was it on this recorded occasion? 'That destructive Fury, the Spirit of Play' (as Lord Lyttelton writes) had terrified poor Sarah-Ann. She pleaded—John promised—and for a time abstained. But one evening there was no pleasing him. It was said of this agreeable being that 'He hung up his fiddle at home.' But now he flew out violently at his unoffending wife, and stormed until she fell to weeping. Then he could 'bear it no longer,' sprang up, dashed from the room. Jane ran to her mother: 'Never mind, mamma—it's *Club night*!' when back he came and boxed her ears. The year 1786 was memorable for ending the trial of Warren Hastings after it had dragged on for seven years. 'He was tried by one generation and acquitted by another.' John Deane was an ardent friend and admirer of that great ruler, 'who

was able to send home every year a surplus of a million to the Company without laying a fresh burden on the natives or losing their good will.' Young John took out to India letters from Warren Hastings, and started under his immediate patronage.

Jane was taken by her father to the last day of the trial. It was a wonderful scene, and her people were so rejoicingly in the thick of congratulations that they forgot and lost little Miss Jenny, who in all the glory of Court dress—hoops, plumes, and whalebone—was tossing about in the magnificent crowd attempting to reach their coaches. Then up came Perseus to the rescue—sword—red robe—ribbons—and on hearing her father's name cried, 'What, my friend John Deane of Reading!' Hailed her as 'Beauty' no longer 'in distress,' and guided her safely to the coach with foresters-green, and gold hammercloth, and light bays.

A few years later Ann was visiting the Begums of Oude, whose 'frightful wrongs' had formed the heaviest indictment in the charge. At the name of Mr. Hastings they warmly embraced her, and throwing up their hands exclaimed with tears, 'He was the best friend we ever had!' We move on past the famine year 1800, when at dinner parties roast potatoes were put in dinner napkins instead of rolls.

Mr. Deane had a house at Hythe—then called *Heethe*. He kept a yacht *Eliza*, and a gay barge with a French band of horns on board. He entertained all the grand old salts, and gathered on his lawn those names that were England's glory. In June 1794 there was the welcome to 'Glorious old First of June.' And Jane was taken by her father on board Lord Howe's flagship before the bloodstains were washed from the deck.

Jane was staying with their friends the Aubreys when her father wrote to her from Hythe:

'We are all alive here. The Admiral has his house chock-full. . . . They all drank tea and ate syllabub with us yesterday under the flag staff, and supt afterwards. Four carriages and three saddle horses brought the party.

'Twas a smoking hot day, and take us altogether—men, women, and children—we drank near a bottle apiece besides liquors. . . . Upon the whole it was a pleasant day, everybody pleased, and no accidents. Many wishes for you.

'Tell Aubrey if he comes to the Forest Autumn Meeting to hunt, I shall hope to see him.

'Mr. Pole has returned and I suppose to stay, as hunting will

soon begin—foxes in plenty—too much I think for the game. I tremble for the pheasants. Lord Malmsbury has given up the Manor entirely to Pole who is very strict. The farmers are directed to take care of the game, and warn everybody off but Mr. Tate and me [a little in the style of the old aristocracy this!] . . . Tell "Shag" if he will put himself into a Southampton Dilly when the woodcocks come on I can promise him a good day's sport.'

The Prince of Wales used to come to parties under the marquee and so did Lieutenant 'C. T.' Somewhere about that time of war and rumours of war, Charles Taylor put his fate to the touch and lost. Perhaps John Deane was troubled at heart when he showed no mercy to the pretty pair—took a pinch of snuff and sent Charles off—for Jane adored her father all her life—and who believed that to no man born would Jane, the Beauty of Berkshire, ever say—yes—again?

In May 1802 Reading was grandly illuminated for the Peace. Kitty Deane records it, and that the cousins came in from Hartley Court; also that Jane brought her a wonderful nosegay from Mrs. Zinzan's garden—and further that our beloved and esteemed 'aunt Zinzan' died. On an October day in 1805 Miss Kitty drives to Bristol Hot Wells from Bath (whose gay assemblies she highly appreciates), and writes 'Enjoying a good dinner at the Bush Inn when a waiter told us that a signal victory had been gained in Trafalgar Bay and Lord Nelson was unfortunately killed.'

In this year John Deane the Indian Judge was commissioned, with Sir Edward Colebrooke, to make a Progress to the Courts of native Princes in order to receive the ceded and conquered N.W. Provinces. Ann accompanied her brother. Charles Meredith had gained great distinction in the Mahratta war, and on the field of the battle of Delhi Lord Lake had rewarded his services with the vacant cornetcy in his regiment for his son of thirteen in England.

Twenty years of marriage found Charles and Ann lovers still. Ann wrote verses to her husband, and heads a copy of his passionate reply 'My dearest Life's answer.'

She wrote 'A Lady's Tour in Hindustan' after the Progress with the Commissioners. It was the high tide of her happiness, but the sudden end was not far off. With Jane it was ebb tide. In 1811 the Deanes went to Hythe. The great events of the time were the storming of those two important forts in the Peninsula, Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, and war was the only topic. Charles Taylor, now Lieutenant-colonel, was in the thick of the

fighting, and Jane—— One morning she came down deadly pale—nothing the matter, she said. Breakfast over, Miss Andrewes, their guest, led her into the garden. ‘Now, Jane, what is it?’ ‘*Charles Taylor is dead.*’ ‘But, Jane, Jane, no news has come!’ ‘I dreamt I saw and heard the battle, the enemy were flying. Charles rode after, waving his sword at the head of the 20th into a wood. Shots were fired—he fell from his horse dead.’ ‘But, Jane, it was only a dream—they never send cavalry into a wood.’ ‘Charles Taylor is dead,’ repeated Jane.

When the news of that terrible battle of Albuera arrived—which cost three-fourths of the 7000 troops engaged by Beresford against Soult—it told of the death of that brilliant officer Lieut.-Col. Taylor, who in pursuit of the enemy through a wood fell into an ambush, and was shot dead.

In a box of papers yellow with age one Mary Deane found a narrow cardboard case bound and tied with grey ribbon. It contained a copy of *The Times* with the account of that battle. She placed it reverently in a secret drawer of an old Italian cabinet.

These Deanes were faithful to the *word* of their badge, the raven, the bird of one spouse, whom you may see at the top of the oldest armorial window in England, put up in York Cathedral by sire Peter de Dene. The magic banner of the Raven was woven in one day ’twixt sunrise and sunset by King Ragnar’s three daughters; and Thorold Count of Pontaudemer holds it in the Bayeux Tapestry.

Dene, ‘Fidelis;’

Deane and Adeane, ‘Fortiter et Fideliter’;

Lord Muskerry, ‘Forti et Fideli nihil difficile.’

Nothing remains of that fair house at Reading save the old Abbey gateway. The property was sold to the Government, and now the public gardens, the jail, the premises of Messrs. Huntley and Palmer, and those acres blooming with Messrs. Suttons’ glowing flower-beds have blotted out the scene occupied by a Berkshire family for over four hundred years.

ANGEL-DUST.

BY F. H. DORSET.

I.

It is only fair to admit, once and for all, that Limborough owes its prosperity to Lady Blare. In her coming she brought it fame and in her going she laid upon it the mixed blessing of notoriety, and from both fame and notoriety the township has reaped a goodly harvest.

Anyone who happens to have tarried amid its crowded hostels during the height of the tourist season can substantiate this statement for himself. Limborough in the pre-War era cherished mediaeval slums, a Tudor Town Hall, and a Victorian convention. It voted conservatively, had returned the same Member of Parliament for three successive elections, and firmly opposed the notion of Female Suffrage. Prosperous in a stolid fashion, it slept, the peaceful centre of a country constituency, in its arm-chair of green hills, knowing no further ambition, until the War dotted its encircling downs with military encampments and brought Sir Frederick Blare with his outrageously wealthy wife into the possession of Limborough House. Then things hummed. Six years later, after Angela Blare had flirted purposefully with generals, bullied and cajoled officials, organised canteens, recreation halls, and Infant Welfare Centres; filled the coffers of the local Hospital and brought a grateful Town Council to her feet, Limborough awoke to the fact that it had actually returned a woman to Parliament; a woman whose ability and generosity even those malcontents who dubbed her the 'Blaring Angel' had to admit. At the close of another year or two the town, pushing forward in the van of modernity behind its new M.P.'s flamboyant yellow head, achieved the foundation of a Biological Institute directed by the famous Professor Croad, and knew that for this also it was indebted to Lady Blare. And then, one quiet winter afternoon during a Parliamentary recess, Angela endowed Limborough with her final gift, a perpetual source of monetary profit; for tourists to the end of time will probably continue to make their pilgrimage to this place, scene of the world-famous unsolved Limborough Mystery.

Angela has become already almost as traditional as Dorothy Vernon or Amy Robsart, although the truth of the matter is that she neither eloped nor was murdered, but may be said to have survived both experiences. Let him who doubts call upon Mrs. Mills, mother of Reginald, for verification, if she will supply it; but I very much doubt if she will.

At one o'clock on that eventful afternoon Professor Croad, alone in his laboratory at the Institute, unconsciously wound up the mechanism of the Limborough Mystery. At two o'clock he set the whole affair moving when he rang the visitors' bell of Limborough House and asked to see Lady Blare, whom he found by a wood fire in the library, and who received him with that degree of impatience which may safely be displayed to old friends on trying occasions.

'What a nuisance you are, Thomas!' she said petulantly, without moving from the arm-chair into whose depths an unwonted lassitude had thrown her. 'I was resting before that meeting at the Town Hall when your note came up. Couldn't you have dropped in this evening after dinner, as you usually do? Why this urgency?'

Professor Croad was a quiet-mannered man, elderly beyond his years, drily humorous on occasions, but remarkably undemonstrative. When, therefore, he kissed the Member for Limborough—a cousinly privilege of which he had not availed himself for years—the Honourable Lady sat very upright amid her cushions and regarded him inquiringly, perceiving within him some unusual surge of soul.

'What ever is the matter with you?' she asked, not unaffectionately.

The Professor sat down deliberately, looking back at her with bright, triumphant eyes.

'I've done it!' he said; 'I have done the thing which it has been my secret ambition to achieve. I have etherealised and resolidified a mouse, alive and painlessly and with no ill effect to the animal. I am . . . elated!'

Lady Blare relaxed a little, but continued to eye him attentively. Thomas Croad was, almost, the highest feather in her cap of achievement. He had been poor, unpractical in money-matters, and little noticed, until her patient financing of his experiments had enabled him to earn universal recognition. Now, a year her junior,

at the age of thirty-seven, he bid fair to become one of the really great men of science produced by a scientific age, but because he liked, in a solemn way, to tease her, and was not always guiltless of testing her credulity with tall stories, she received his astonishing statement in silence and waited for him to explain himself.

'It is perfectly true, Angela,' reiterated the Professor; 'I was convinced that it could be done . . . and I've done it.'

'Do you mean,' said Lady Blare, 'exactly what you say, or am I to gather that you have at last hit upon a new and perfectly painless method of vivisection? Don't be parabolic, Thomas!'

The Professor laughed, his face, curiously lined for one so young, wrinkling pleasantly. Angela thought, not for the first time, that he would be handsomer as an old gentleman than he had ever been as a young one.

'I spoke,' he replied, 'the simple, literal truth . . . or no—on one point I exaggerated. I did, painlessly, harmlessly, and apparently without the beast's knowledge, etherealise my pet mouse Josephus, but his reconstruction afterwards was not my work, but Nature's. I was merely a privileged spectator.'

'You *don't* mean to tell me,' said Lady Blare, suddenly comprehending and discarding her weariness, 'that you have actually *dissolved* a live mouse into . . . into . . . its atoms, and then seen them reassemble, without hurting the creature? You may be a wizard, Thomas, but I've always believed you to be a white one, and this sounds like a practical joke or black magic. Which is it?'

'Neither,' said the Professor. 'My discovery has been, literally, a gift of light. Probably, in some form or other, it has been known for centuries by Eastern fakirs and the like, which would account for the fairy tale common to almost all races about a cloak of invisibility; but it is no more magic than any other fact capable of scientific demonstration. Miracle-working, I am convinced, is only the calling into play of wider physical forces in place of those generally employed, sometimes, even, to their apparent contradiction. The Supreme Scientist who constructed the universe occasionally reveals to men inklings of the method of these wider laws. Take, for instance, the great scriptural assertion of the passage of a perfect living resurrected material human being unharmed through such substances as rocks and doors. This latest discovery of mine illuminates a little the physical law probably governing such movement; it's only a glimmer of light, a scrap,

but think of the immense possibilities it discloses !' He rose as though unable to endure inaction, restrained himself with palpable effort from stalking up and down the room, and stood still, so elaborately calm that his listener could sense the beating of his heart from the opposite end of the hearth-rug. 'Angela !' he cried, 'think of it, the truth of things, the amazing literal truth of the incredible ! And fools who know nothing of the life of even a blade of grass would deny it !'

Angela Blare rearranged the cushion at her back and instinctively raised a shield between her own growing excitement and her cousin's unusual emotion. There had been a period, before the War, when anything new or intriguing could stir her to quick enthusiasm, but since then bitter experience had made her cautious. Bubbles grasped too eagerly broke before their time, lanterns blinking ahead in darkness sometimes proved to be will-o'-the-wisps.

'Quite !' she said, 'but, please, I have only a few minutes to spare before I have to go to the Town Hall. Theory afterwards, facts first. I want to hear details of what actually took place in your laboratory before you came up to see me.'

The Professor smiled, and began to fidget with Lady Blare's electric torch, which she had put out on a table at her elbow in order to remind herself that it needed overhauling.

'I was not really digressing,' he said ; 'I want to make you grasp the significance of this gradual opening up to us of the laws controlling matter ; I want you to appreciate the meaning of what has just happened. Do you know, by using what is to all appearance just such another little flashlight as this, in daylight and under quite ordinary conditions, a mouse—and therefore, probably, a human being—can be made ethereal and invisible, until it is able to move rapidly through dense inanimate solids without loss of part or personality ? The discoveries of science are like rungs on an endless ladder ; one leads to another. Thomson discovered the electron, made us aware of the fact that you and I and all of us are veritably of the dust of the earth, and that we and the dust are alike built of positive and negative electrons. What I have been permitted to establish is the existence around each of us of our own individual Envelope, an incredibly elastic ethereal invisible casing, like a lesser atmosphere, possessed by every separate organic body, the nearest thing to a spiritual substance yet found, and only ruptured by death. How I came to establish this is too long a tale to tell now. I have not yet even found means of *seeing* this

Envelope completely, but in blundering after sight I discovered that by applying a certain ray to a living animal its Envelope could be made to expand evenly in all directions, while within it the living creature remained visible only as a misty opaqueness of floating atoms. The ray, apparently, is inimical to organised life, for though the creature is uninjured it instantly slips out of the shaft of light, passing even through solids in its effort after escape, settles immediately in congenial surroundings, and begins to contract back into its normal state. It reconstructs itself visibly before the onlooker. As far as I can discover, this ray acts only on living animal substances. My mouse—an oddly pie-bald beast—left behind him in his cage a ribbon which I had tied about him during the test. His "mouse-envelope" only was affected. He re-formed on the floor at my feet where I had dropped some crumbs. Previous experiments with caterpillars and other insects always produced the same result; the live creature *only* dissolved and moved, to re-form invariably upon a congenial plant or other article of food placed out of the ray's area.' Professor Croad paused dramatically, and added with deliberate emphasis: 'Now, Angela, what would happen in the case of a man? Which would decide the place of his reconstruction—instinct, his controlling mind, or mere habit? My God, what a test of character it would be!'

He drew an electric torch from his pocket and held it up. 'The answer,' he continued, 'is contained in this; but I should not care to make the experiment unless surrounded by my fellow-scientists and absolved of all moral responsibility for any untoward revelations.'

She took the little nickel instrument which he proffered her and turned it delicately about. In general appearance it was the duplicate of her own, but a metal cap had been fitted over the lens.

'Is this thing charged?' she asked cautiously, and as he nodded she handed it back to him with a gesture of dismay. 'Thomas!' she exclaimed, 'you *can't* be serious! Fancy walking about with a thing like that in your breast pocket! Why . . . suppose you dissolved suddenly!'

The Professor laughed afresh.

'Thanks to that cap,' he said, 'it is perfectly safe even if the current should be turned on by accident. The current needed to manufacture the ray is very quickly used up though powerful while it lasts. By the time a good solid human body had been

disintegrated that battery would be exhausted, though the job would only occupy a few seconds. Come down to the laboratory after your meeting, and I'll give you practical evidence, aided by one of Josephus' brothers. I shall be there until eight o'clock, in any case.'

Lady Blare rose slowly, her eyes, deeply troubled, dwelling on his. 'Thomas,' she exclaimed, 'do tell me that this is only a fairy-tale! I don't like it! It's uncanny, it's *dangerous*. Who else knows about it? Your assistant?'

'No one,' said the Professor exultantly. 'I've worked at my problem early and late until I found its solution, but always alone. I've been terrified lest anyone should stumble upon my discovery before I had perfected means for demonstrating it openly. I've been jealous, not only for myself, but for your Institute.' He put down his torch hastily and hurriedly caught both her hands. 'Angela!' he cried, 'I owe all my chances to you! But for you I might still be climbing painfully out of the depths, unable to afford leisure for my own research. So I have made you the first to know these facts besides myself, and you shall be the first to witness their demonstration. Don't mistake me; I'm not making love to you, my dear woman; I'm merely intensely and humanly grateful!'

Lady Blare flushed to the roots of her tinted hair. She was thirty-eight, a young woman still, but bearing about her traces of her social-political toil and her hypochondriacal husband's permanent ill-temper. Emotionally, perhaps, she was a little starved. Her flirtations were public and harmless, part of an armoury of weapons which she brought to bear on her especial campaign. Her external ambition, her effectiveness, her perfectly genuine enthusiasm for social and municipal reform, had all been born from the bitterness of disappointment. Wealth had dropped upon her shoulders just too late to prevent her from committing the greatest folly of her life. She released her fingers, regarding him steadily.

'No,' she decided, 'you owe me nothing! Thomas, you don't know what a nightmare it was to me when first I came into that unexpected enormous American fortune! I'd married Frederick; we had more than enough already; I felt myself being crushed by it into a moral jelly unless I rallied at once and began to work at spending it. I think that the War just saved my bacon! You don't know what I was tempted to do! All the conflicting things! Money sometimes seems to dissolve the sense of duty because it

makes such things possible. I'd hurt myself and I think I was half dotty with pain. It was a positive relief when other people began to get hurt all together and needed attention. As for *you*, I wouldn't have spent a farthing on your schemes if I hadn't been convinced of your ability!' She glanced at the clock, as pattering footsteps approached the library door. 'There's the Tinkler,' she observed more calmly, 'coming to remind me that I ought to be dressing for that meeting. Where should I be without Miss Bell?'

'Will you come on to the laboratory?'

'Of course I shall! I shall have to take tea at the Town Hall, but I'll come on afterwards, and Miss Bell can sit in the car while we disintegrate our mice. But I shan't really believe this outrageous thing until I see it, and not then if I can help it. I'm coming, Miss Bell! Heavens, man, don't forget your horrible torch!' She reached down to the little table, her eyes still held curiously by his, and thrust the object of her dislike into his breast pocket. 'Do you know,' she said anxiously, 'I'd really rather be left in here with a stick of dynamite than that thing? Button up your coat tight and take it away quickly! Are you usually so casual with your dangerous tools?'

'No,' said the Professor, gently patting his pocket and buttoning up his coat, 'you have only forestalled me. I had paused to consider your inconsistencies. You are a remarkable woman, Angela, but extremely feminine!'

'Perhaps,' said Lady Blare abruptly, 'and perhaps I am a remarkable fool. Well, good-bye for the present. Come in, Miss Bell; the Professor is just going. You're dressed? Good woman, invaluable secretary! There are my notes for the speech. Please collect all the rest of my odds and ends while I fly.'

She hurried out of the room, her cousin in her wake, while her companion-secretary proceeded to gather together all necessary impedimenta for the afternoon's public meeting and to pack notebook, pencil, gloves, and throat pastilles into a small wrist-bag. It was filled to bursting when she remembered the torch which had to be left in the town for repair.

Miss Bell suffered from cold fingers, wherefore, during wintry weather, regardless of prevailing modes, she invariably carried abroad a large old-fashioned muff, and into this, at the last moment before departure, she thrust the torch which she snatched up, thereby contributing her share towards compounding the Lim-

borough Mystery. Ten minutes later, in the automobile, she dropped it, under the shock of hearing her employer utter a rank heresy.

'Tinkler,' said Lady Blare with emphasis, 'I wish to Heaven that I was another woman! I hate politics, I loathe social reform, and I detest my whole existence!'

Miss Bell covered her embarrassment at this outburst by diving after the contents of her muff.

'What,' asked Lady Blare severely, 'are you groping for?'

'Your torch,' said the Tinkler apologetically; 'I dropped it out of my muff, and I thought part of it came off. No; it seems to be all there. I wonder if the switch . . .' She pulled back the catch and a strong direct shaft of light fell upon Angela Blare, illuminating in detail her unwonted expression of discontent. Miss Bell felt that she had inadvertently intruded upon the privacy of Angela's soul, and blushed uneasily.

'This catch sticks,' she said, devoting her attention to the object in her hand; 'I can't switch it off. Is that what you wanted put right? But I thought the battery was used up, too. Dear me, how silly. . . .'

The light failed suddenly.

'There!' she cried, 'it's exhausted, but the switch is still turned on.' She looked up, and then, feebly at first but with rising insistence, she began to scream.

Before her for a second sat a faceless hollow shell of feminine clothing; then it collapsed softly, the hat subsiding on to the shoulders of the coat, coat and furs together sinking gently upon gloves folded hand-wise in a velvet lap, grey silk hose sagging suddenly into empty shoes.

With a volume of sound such as she had never before encompassed the Tinkler screamed and screamed.

For want of anything better to do in the case the police temporarily arrested Miss Bell, and then released her for lack of evidence. No one so fragile as the Tinkler could possibly murder a muscular lady, extract her body *in toto* from its clothing, and entirely dispose of it unobserved during five minutes in a closed automobile; moreover, she had no lethal weapon of any description, and experts could detect nothing observably peculiar about the electric torch which she insisted must have caused the mischief. A metal cap which fitted its lens was found on the floor of the car,

and established the fact that it really belonged to Professor Croad. The Professor, it was universally felt, would have been able to clear up the mystery, if he, walking absent-mindedly, had not been crushed to death by a skidding lorry just outside the Institute, before he had even heard of it. As it is, the experts are still trying to discover a clue to the mystery, and, as far as can be discerned at present, are likely to continue permanently in their ignorance. The secret of the Individual Envelope has been too well kept, and it died with the Professor.

But its effects, rippling into the aether of certain insignificant human lives, have been permanent.

II.

‘How cold it is and how misty!’ said Lady Blare. ‘Quite a sudden fog. I’m afraid, Tinkler, that I feel faint.’

She became aware as she spoke of the fact that her voice made no sound, that her sense of hearing was muffled, and that she could not see. Chilly revolving fragments of fog appeared to envelope her, accompanied by a curious swooping sense of flight in the opposite direction to that in which her car was travelling. It reminded Angela of gassy experiences in a dentist’s chair. She swooped and turned and hung blindly suspended between darkness and light over water which she discerned with some half-developed sixth sense, water that swirled, gurgling, about a blurred face that cried aloud to her ‘I’ve done it! Oh, I’ve done it!’ and then, chokingly, ‘Sid, Sid, Sid!’ She seemed to tear herself from the clutch of tangible dripping fingers and to billow and swirl away again through rapidly thinning mist; to pass through looming obstacles and drive attenuatedly down dark alleys, to savour scents of smoke and the clamour of streets, and then, suddenly, Lady Blare was alone in a strange place.

She put out a shaking hand, and grasped the shining brass knob on one of the posts of an iron bedstead. She found herself gazing at her own bare feet, set shrinkingly upon icy green linoleum covered with a design inspired by yellow vermicelli, and she knew that she was more than shoeless and in an unknown bedroom.

In the first momentary shock Angela Blare straightened her back and stood quite still, staring before her. Normally she would have been reassuringly convinced that she was but dreaming one

of those vivid, uncomfortable nightmares common to highly civilised humanity of being plunged, clothesless, into a workaday world, but to-day she knew beyond doubt that she was not dreaming. By some amazing blunder she, the M.P. for Limborough, on her way to address an important meeting, had provided Professor Croad with the first demonstration of the action of his latest discovery upon the human frame. She had left behind her everything extraneous to her own nature and had re-formed . . . where? Was this perfectly appalling bedroom indeed her natural environment? And whereabouts might it be?

Of course Thomas would make his knowledge public now, and steps would be taken to find her. She might not be far away from her own home, but the whole business was terribly awkward. Shivering violently, she discovered that she was staring at a large old-fashioned mahogany wardrobe which entirely filled one side of the dingy little room, and with feverish rapidity she fell upon it and pulled it open. Supposing that she found inside it nothing but masculine wear!

Providence, however, was kind. The wardrobe, amid a miscellaneous collection of clothes which evidently belonged to several members of the same family, yielded up a jumper and skirt suitable to Angela's proportions, and the common yellow dressing-chest by the window proved to contain other garments. At the end of five minutes a long freckled mirror revealed Angela to herself dressed in a peculiar upper garment covered with zig-zags of parti-coloured lightning, and a brown skirt possessed of an annoying tendency to 'dip' at one side. Artificial silk stockings, fleshily pink, and the least down-at-heel of several pairs of shoes, completed her costume. She regarded her reflection with repugnance. The owner of the garments, she felt, was a slovenly woman, just not dirty but never wholly clean.

And then her heart leapt fantastically. She was, if not quite herself, at least reclothed and armed for her next encounter with her fellow-humans, but, whoever they might be, this encounter could only be fraught with much discomfort, embarrassment, and incredulity. They might regard her as a would-be burglaress, or they might think her mad, unless she could forestall them, get out of the house unobserved, and find her way to the nearest police-station. If discovered and detained before she could get away she would demand—yes, demand—that she should be arrested. She would make the police wire to Professor Croad, and all would

be well, and . . . cause of another heart-leap . . . their joint fame and the fame of his discovery would become world-wide. She had supplied him with the finest advertisement of his genius which any scientist could desire. Life would be a burden of publicity.

At this moment creaking stairs apprised her of feet rapidly approaching her sanctuary. The door-handle jerked sharply, and as the door flew open an hysterical female voice cried 'Oh, h'Amy !'

She faced about, and confronted a pallid sharp-nosed young woman with a flat figure arrayed in garments duplicating her own plus a blue felt hat and a cloth coat meagrely trimmed with fur, who seemed to be labouring under conflicting emotions of anger and grief. She swept into the room, banging the door behind her so violently that it flew open again undeterred by a weakened catch. Beyond her Angela sighted a narrow landing and a staircase-well. In one hand she grasped a letter written upon lavender-tinted paper, which she waved furiously beneath Angela's nose.

'What do you mean,' she demanded, 'by stickin' such a thing as that up against your 'usband's photo and givin' me the fright of me life? Lucky I come 'ome early from me shoppin' and caught you, m'lady! 'Aven't yer caused enough trouble to us all without tryin' to commit suicide? As if we 'adn't 'ad enough of the perlice already, with 'Arry doin' a month and Sid Gunner in 'orspital because of you! Run away from the mess you've made, I suppose! Well, let me tell you, that's only makin' bad worse!'

Lady Blare looked at her with bewildered eyes, and a fleeting sense of dual personality. Somebody else's sins along with somebody else's clothes seemed to have been thrust upon her shoulders. She floundered helplessly towards explanations.

'I beg your pardon,' she said gently, 'but please look at me a little closer. You will see that I am not Amy.'

The new-comer returned her stare with interest, but seemed to be in no way overcome by her reply.

'So that's the gime, is it?' she said, in resigned tones. 'Plyin' up fer a lorst memery, are you? Well . . . you ain't in an asylum yet, and if you'll tike my advice, you won't try to get into one. Not h'Amy, aren't yer? Well, what abaht this?' She seized Angela's arm unexpectedly, pushed up the sleeve of her jumper, and revealed Angela's characteristic birthmark, in the hollow of her elbow. 'There!' she cried, 'look at yer mole, and then dare to tell me that you ain't h'Amy!'

Angela stared at her own arm in stunned silence. From below came a sound of juvenile feet and a shrill voice calling up the stairs 'Mum! You in, Mum? Shall I mike the tea?'

'There's the kids 'ome from school,' said the young woman resignedly; 'that's young Reginald.' She went out on to the landing and called over the banisters. 'Wipe yer butes, all of yer, and go on inter the kitchen! Reg, tike off Gertie's bonnet and wash 'er fice at the sink. I'll be down in a minute. Yer mum's got one of 'er 'eads.'

The footsteps clattered away, two pairs of them lively and alert, a third pair slower and accompanied by a metallic dragging sound. The woman returned from the landing and resumed her interrupted tirade.

'Now, h'Amy,' she said, adopting a tone not unlike that which she had just used to the children below, 'just yer tear up that fool letter and promise me faithful that you won't go tryin' ter kill yerself. Maybe you *did* ought to've married Sid, as belonged be rights to yer own class, and not 'Arry, as never did, but yer got the better man of the two, all the sime, and I reckon now you knows it. Too much of a gentleman 'e's been, a great deal too patient and unbelievin'. 'E did ought to've kicked Sid Gunner out of the 'ouse long ago, instead of 'olding in 'is temper until Sid thought 'im a fool and 'ad to be 'arf killed to learn 'im better. But it's over now, and if I knows your 'Arry 'e'll let bygones be bygones if you mikes an effort to give 'im an 'ome what *is* an 'ome when 'e comes out. 'Ere's yer letter. You let me see you tear it up!'

Angela accepted the mauve-tinted document, and found herself unexpectedly enfolded in a violent embrace.

'There, there, ducky!' crooned the young woman, rocking her backwards and forwards in a pair of lean arms hard as broomsticks, 'things ain't 'arf as bad as you thinks. You didn't ought to've carried on so with Sid, and you *did* ought to've kept away from the drink, but, after all, neither on 'em has really got you, 'as they, ducky? You *can* go strite and you *can* cut out the booze, and you've got the kids to think about. So chuck cryin' over spilt milk and see if you can't keep what's left in the jug. That's my advice!'

Angela released herself silently, sat down on the bed, and unfolded her missive. She noticed that it was written in a not illiterate hand, resembling her own except for a peculiar backward slant indicative of emotional instability.

'Dear Lydia,' it ran, 'I'll be safe in the river by the time you gets back and finds this, and no loss, for I been a rotten wife. Harry never ought to have married me, for I'm Sid's sort really, and Harry only wanted me because he thought I was like somebody else who turned him down years ago. It is beastly, feeling that you ain't up to the mark of somebody else. When he's free of me, he can clear out anywhere and find a better wife, what he won't have to look at sideways wondering whether she's going to let him down. I *have* let him down proper, but in his own way, without meaning it, he done the same by me. If Sid hadn't been married we'd have cleared out, but now his wife's come back and I ain't got nothing to live for. The kids will do a lot better without me to disgrace them, but don't let on to Reg what I done. Everythink of my clothes is yours.

'Your loving sister,
'AMY.'

Angela sat for a moment very still, the letter lying in her lap.

The Member for Limborough possessed a trained mind, accustomed to quick marshalling of thought and word and to picking the heart out of an argument or a situation without undue delay. She saw with inexorable clarity the extreme awkwardness of her present situation. Lydia's sister, into whose place she had been thrust by some queer law of psychic gravitation, had quite obviously drowned herself. Angela Blare remembered those odd hovering seconds when she had hung above running water and heard below her a choking voice proclaiming in mortal terror, 'I've done it! Oh, I've done it!' Beyond a doubt the miserable Amy, unfaithful, unstable, occasionally inebriate, had actually fled by this route from the hopeless muddle of marriage with someone who was her social superior; probably some half-educated clerk whom she had found irritatingly refined, and who, on his part, had been galled by her slatternly ways and Cockney speech. Amy, in fact, had proved herself mentally and morally unsound, wherefore nothing that she, Angela, could say by way of disentangling her own personality from that of her physical double stood the smallest chance of acceptance by Amy's family. She could do nothing except lie low until, in the course of a few hours, Lady Blare's amazing vanishment and Professor Croad's explanation thereof had been broadcast throughout the kingdom; then telegrams to Sir Frederick and the Professor would bring them post-haste to her present address, wherever that might be, and she would have no trouble about establishing her identity with *them*. The river to which Amy's

note referred would be dragged and doubtless the unfortunate creature's body would be recovered. Angela began to shiver violently. She had been so near to this terrified suicide and she had been utterly unable to help or save. Had she herself been visible to those dying eyes? She remembered hands that clutched at the frail envelope of her being.

With an effort she looked up at Amy's sister and asked a question. 'Where am I?' she inquired.

Lydia frowned, shrugging her pointed shoulders.

'Look 'ere,' she exhorted, 'what on earth's the good of plyin' up like this? Unless ye're really ill again'—she paused, surveying Angela anxiously—'like you was after Gertie was born. Of course you 'ave 'ad a shock. Well, cheer up! You're 'ome in Kennington, of course, not in 'Eaven; though a fat lot of 'Eaven you'll see if you go and drown yerself. Promise me faithful that you won't try that trick again, and you can tuck up in bed and I'll bring you a cup o' tea and a haspirin, old gal.'

Angela glanced at the couch and shuddered. She shredded up the letter and handed the pieces over to her lecturer.

'I'm all right,' she said. 'You're quite mistaken about me, but it's useless to try and explain anything yet. I promise you I won't try to kill myself in any way, and I'd rather come down to tea.'

Lydia's puckered features relaxed, but she still regarded her curiously.

'One of yer lidy-fits on now, 'ave you?' she remarked tactlessly. 'Well, you keep it up, that's all, and tike your fair share of the 'ouse work and kids, and 'Arry won't know 'is 'appy little 'arem when 'e comes back. I didn't think you'd reelly do a bunk from 'is children, though, specially Reg. Gertie and Joey, I believes, likes their Auntie Liddy better than their own mother, but Reginald's a little old man, the wye 'e loves 'is Mum. Worried 'e's been when you and Sid 'as been out late. What do you think 'e wanted ter do last night when you was busy drownin' yer sorrers and never thinkin' of 'im? Wanted ter go on 'is own and fetch you 'ome from the pub, 'im, the pore little dot-and-carry-one! Break 'is 'eart, 'e would, if you was to go awye. Well, then, tidy yer 'air a bit and come on down with me.'

Angela rose. With both hands on her yellow hair she re-faced her distorted reflection in the long mirror, laughter and a desire to weep battling in her throat. Obediently she tidied herself,

made a vain attempt to 'balance' her uneven skirt by dragging it down on one side and up on the other, and followed Amy's sister meekly down a dull stairway into a yellow-brown hall smelling of escaped gas and fried fish. A further flight of uncarpeted stairs plunged them into a basement kitchen, where the tea-table had been laid, palely illuminated by incandescent light. Two children, boy and girl, were already seated at their places; the third, a weedy lad of apparently ten years old, was engaged in pouring water into a tea-pot from a large black kettle. Detected in the act, he flushed guiltily, and moved back to replace the kettle on the stove, so revealing to his observers a limping leg encased in a high boot.

'Reg,' said his Aunt Lydia severely, 'ow often 'ave I told yer that kettle's too 'eavy for yer?'

'It ain't really, Auntie,' replied the young offender, 'and I thought Mum'd like 'er cup o' tea quick. 'Ullo, Mum, 'ow's yer 'ead?'

Physical nausea temporarily prevented Angela's response to this inquiry. The kitchen, though surface-clean, was soaked in an odour of past cooking, the back-kitchen sink, and the children's shabby school-clothing which carried with it the aroma of a town Board School. Gertie and Joey, with imperfectly washed faces, snuffling colds, and a certain crudity of finish about their physique, repelled her. They looked at once unhealthy and gross. Reginald, victim of rickets, looking at her with unchildish anxious gaze, wrenched sickeningly at the roots of her pity. She had Lydia's word for it that this pathetic boy was prepared to break his heart if he lost his worthless mother. Soon he must learn that he had indeed lost her and looked now only on her simulacrum; but he must not know it yet. With an effort of will she smiled at him, and saw him grin, responsive and relieved.

'My head's better,' she volunteered. 'Sit down, dear boy!'

Gertie and Joey burst into unseemly giggles.

'Ain't you talkin' funny, Mum?' remarked Joey, the elder of the twain, 'like Teacher, when she ain't ratty.'

'You 'old yer tongue, young Joe!' said Lydia vehemently, 'laughin' at yer Mum! Git on with yer food.' She poured out a large cup of strong tea and put it down before Angela, with a commanding 'Drink that up!'

Angela, faint and dizzy with physical and mental distress, obeyed her and felt better. Lydia opened an oven door and

brought out a dish of 'fish and chips,' which had evidently been re-heated after its journey from a fried-fish shop.

'Mike a good tea, all of you,' she ordered; 'thank Gawd we've got enough, and the Works ain't goin' ter sack 'Arry when 'e comes out. There ain't many bosses as'd be so reasonable.'

A knock at the back door interrupted her as she piled food on the various plates. She put down spoon and fork with a grunt of annoyance.

'I'll go,' she said; 'that's sure to be Sid's aunt, tryin' to poke in again. Eaten up with curiosity, she is. I'll deal with 'er!'

She disappeared into the back kitchen, from whence a few seconds later came a murmur of voices and then Lydia's alone, somewhat uplifted.

'Naw, thank yer, there's nawthin *you* can do. H'Amy's all right, *and* the kids. Naw! What d'you imagine? That we'd 'ave yer nephew and 'is wife back again ter lodge after the wye 'e's be'aved? Let bygones be bygones and all shike 'ands? Not 'arf! Look 'ere, I ain't got no patience with such talk! Your Sid got what 'e was arstin' for, and 'e won't *want* ter come back. Good-night!'

The back door closed unrelentingly, and its sound sent a queer shiver down Angela's spine.

Supposing that she was shut in for ever. . . . But that was impossible. She had only to keep her head, behave sensibly, and in a few hours she would emerge from this ordeal with priceless knowledge of a stratum of life which hitherto she had only studied from above. Here she was in the thick of it, able to acquire that ounce of personal experience which is worth a thousand pounds of theory, able to gauge for herself its needs and its limitations. Once restored to her own sphere what would she not do for these children, and especially for Reginald?

She closed her eyes for a second, rallying her courage, then bent herself boldly to her task.

Fortunately nobody seemed to expect her either to eat or to talk much. The younger children eyed her, between mouthfuls, with expressions half distrustful and half confidential, from which she gathered that Amy's moods were apt to be uncertain. Reginald seemed to be vaguely puzzled by something unfamiliar in her appearance, while Lydia covered the lack of general conversation with a monologue too patently intended to veil her close observation of the children's mother. Angela, fishing tactfully for

information, learnt by degrees that 'Arry worked for the Speed Motor Company, and that Lydia, ever since a mysterious illness of her sister's, which Angela suspected of being mental, had lived with them and helped to look after the children and that lodger whose presence had led to Amy's matrimonial rupture. The longer Angela listened the more deeply did she feel submerged beneath the waves of an existence quite fantastically sordid. She gathered that Amy, elder of two only sisters, had gone out early into service and was supposed to have acquired refinement. Lydia, on the other hand, had, until lately, worked in a jam factory, and prided herself on her independence.

It was altogether an extraordinary meal. As Angela Blare became acclimatised to its basement atmosphere the tragi-comedy of her position opened out more and more fully before her. Heavens, what on earth was happening now at Limborough, a hundred and twenty miles away? She visualised Frederick, forgetful for once of his asthma and dyspepsia, damning Thomas Croad and the unfortunate Tinkler; broadcasting frantic messages in all directions, while the Professor, grimly agitated, interviewed myrmidons of the Law, and crowds surged wildly outside the Town Hall and the gates of Limborough House. Newsboys were crying her name, perhaps, already, in the streets of London; while here she sat, the redoubtable winner of political battles, in a smelly subterranean Kennington kitchen, meekly listening to a long harangue by an uneducated little Cockney woman, evading fish and chips, and hectic slabs of bright yellow shop-cake, 'left over from Sunday,' drinking strong Indian tea, nibbling solid bread and butter. She began to laugh before she knew it. How ever would Professor Croad manage to convince this terrible family of her real identity, whenever he appeared on the scene? Would he have to re-etherealise her or would he demonstrate the properties of his ray on somebody else? A dozen grotesque situations danced mockingly before her imagination, and almost for the first time in her life hysteria seized Lady Blare in its grip. She laughed weakly, helplessly, indignantly, while Lydia thumped her shoulder, Joey and Gertie shouted in unison, and Reginald, on the verge of tears, remained petrified in his seat. At last she pushed back her chair and stood up, shaking.

'Can't I go upstairs and be quiet?' she gasped. 'If I can just be quiet for a few moments. . . .'

'Right ho!' said Lydia cheerfully. 'You've got 'em good tonight, I must sye, h'Amy! Nice lively dye we've been 'avin'

ever since yer woke up with a thick 'ead. I lit you a fire in the sittin' room and all the thanks I 'ad for it was that letter of yours, but if you'll reelly sit quiet up there and be reasonable you can 'ave the plice to yerself until I've cleared up and put the kids to bed. Come along; I'll light up the gas; these winter evenin's gets dark in no time. Reg, you mind the kids and don't look so scared. Yer Mum's all right, on'y a bit overdone.'

She lit a wax taper and led Angela upward again from the bowels of the earth, kindling a gas-jet in the passage *en route* and another in a front room, over-filled with dusty furniture, into which she ushered the invalid.

A fire was burning comfortably, and as Angela seated herself beside it her roving glance became concentrated on the large photograph of a man in khaki which held place of honour on a crowded mantel-shelf. Lydia's sharp eyes followed her gaze, Lydia's quick tongue sprang sprily to the occasion.

'Yes,' she said, 'just look at yer pore 'usband and think what 'e was when yer married 'im! Think what 'e thought 'e was gettin' and think what 'e got! 'Im, a gentleman even if 'is dad was a fraudulent bankrupt! Pore old 'Arry Mills, pensioned out er the Army with a cork leg below the knee and a wife what drinks! But you'd learnt nice ways out in service, h'Amy, and you *could* 'a kept them up and made 'im a real good wife if you'd wanted to. Yer could *now*, and perhaps yer *will*. You've got a month ter recover in, and it's yer last big chanet of bein' a new woman. It's worth it; 'e's a reel good man, is 'Arry!'

At this point, tactful at last, she departed, rather spoiling her effect by locking the door surreptitiously from without. Angela stood up, her face close to the photograph, then subsided into her carpet rocking-chair, gripping its stubby arms with fevered fingers.

The Past, that buried bitter pre-War Past, leapt anew to life, beating with relentless fists on the doors of her bruised heart. So *this* was what had happened to Henry Hope-Mills! She, Angela, was directly responsible for all this; for this sordid house, this hopeless marriage, those three semi-neglected children in the kitchen; for the gassy ghastly atmosphere and for Reginald's deformed foot and unchildlike eyes. She had been afraid of poverty, afraid of pain; she had turned down her one true and selfless lover, and when Fortune showered sudden wealth upon her he had vanished from her ken, swept out of sight by the remorseless broom of Scandal. But because secretly her spirit had searched for him continually up and down the dark places of her grief, her etherealised body

had gravitated here to Henry's wretched home, had been thrust by forces greater than herself into Amy's vacant place . . . where she might not stay, where, for all her love and bitter remorse she, having once chosen to become Lady Blare, might not stay to redeem the past. Most cruel, most just, most perfect punishment!

A sense of dust and plush and the hopeless confusion of life crushed her. She sat on and on, immovable in misery. A clock struck seven. Boys were calling in the street outside, Lydia's hand turned the key hastily, and Lydia entered with a newspaper.

'Ere's an Evenin' Special, h'Amy,' she remarked. 'Somethin' fer yer to read. That lidy M.P. down at Limborough's disappeared most mysterious, and I don't know what-all. You can 'ave it first, I'm busy.'

She handed the sheet to Angela, who turned it dazedly towards the light.

For a moment she read avidly, then, sobbing, slid to the ground, her face hidden in her hands. The newspaper dropped upon the hearth and was snatched by Lydia from fiery demolition, its black headlines starting and shrivelling in the glow.

'Treble Tragedy at Limborough. Amazing Disappearance of Woman M.P. Husband Dies of Shock. Fatal Accident to Famous Biologist.'

Lydia smoothed out the paper on the table and stooped desperately over her weeping sister.

'Ow, fer *Gawd's* sike stop this 'owlin'!' she entreated. 'I tells yer I'm jest about tired out! 'Owlin', larfin', 'owlin' agine, all the blinkin' dye! Look at that bit o' news in the piper and try to reelise there's people in the world with worse troubles than yours to bear!'

'Oh, my good idiot!' cried Angela Blare, laughing and crying, 'I've got my chance, I've got my chance! I can be a new woman!'

'Looks like it!' quoth Lydia sarcastically, moving away.

Now that is why I do not believe that Mrs. Mills, mother of Reginald, and the amazingly reformed mistress of a flat at Clapham Common, will ever supply anybody with information about the Great Limborough Mystery. Some women are never happy until they have crucified themselves for love, and after all Henry Hope-Mills' weekly wage is a good one with the right woman to manage it. Besides, when they are quite alone together he has learnt at last to call her 'Angela.'

DR. JOHNSON AND ANATOLE FRANCE.

At first sight it appears startling to couple Dr. Johnson and Anatole France, men of letters of different nationality who lived in separate centuries. Yet it is neither difficult nor uninteresting to find some remarkable similarities between these two famous figures, not as men of letters, but as personalities, each of whom had, towards the end of his days, obtained a unique place in the intellectual and social life of the age. One was the 'Great Cham of Literature,' the other was 'Le Maître'—the Master. Each name is significant of the dominant place which each held not only among intellectual persons but among ordinarily intelligent men.

Mrs. Thrale has a story that one day as the Doctor was walking along the Strand a gentleman stepped out of some neighbouring tavern, with his napkin in his hand and without a hat, and, stopping him as civilly as he could, said, 'I beg your pardon, sir; but you are Dr. Johnson, I believe.' 'Yes, sir.' 'We have a wager depending on your reply: pray, sir, is it "irréparable" or "irréparable" that one should say?' The Doctor gave his decision and passed on. Whether the story be true or not makes little difference, for it would not have been current and preserved by Mrs. Thrale, but for the extraordinary position which Johnson had secured. Johnson and France had attained this special place in a large measure by a form, common to each, of literary work in which the dissemination of ideas was capable of absorption by ordinary mortals.

Dr. Johnson enunciated his opinions in the *Rambler* and the *Idler* and in 'Rasselas,' but the publication of the Dictionary in 1747 had given him a peculiar public reputation which caused his subsequent essays to become at once more authoritative and more popular. France moralised in a more subtle form—in novels and through the conversation and opinions of Monsieur Bergeret and the Abbé Coignard, who to all intents and purposes were Anatole France and were accepted by the public as such. But it was the capacity for exposition in society which finally gave both Johnson and France their special position. They are alike in the supreme confidence with which they dictated to the world, without which they would not have become the oracles they were at the end of their lives. While each was equally sure of his opinions, each was

equally often wrong. Dr. Johnson on the war with the American Colonists was frequently as wrongheaded as Anatole France often was, when he discussed the origin and progress of the Great War. The intervention of the United States, for example, France regarded as caused by political and financial self-interest. The American generals who visited him at Tours he considered as being rather more stupid than those in command of the French forces. 'Joffre,' he said cynically one day, 'learnt of the victory of the Marne from the *Petit Parisien*.'

It is in their individual influence in society that the chief resemblance between Johnson and France can be found, for with the exception of the 'Lives of the Poets,' the 'Journey to the Western Isles' and a few small pieces, Johnson's work was completed with the publication of 'Rasselas' when he was but fifty years of age. France, on the contrary, continued to work almost to the time of his death in 1924. But from 1759 to the end of his life Johnson was obtaining a new and more autocratic place through the exercise of his great gifts when presiding among his fellows. France talked in the *salon* of the Villa Said at Versailles, and from 1914 to the beginning of his last illness, in the *salon* of La Bechellerie, the house close to Tours in the village of St. Cyr-sur-Loire, which he purchased on the outbreak of the war. Often he was to be found in the back room of Tridon's bookstore in Tours. Here, seated on a high couch, with his walking-stick between his legs and gesticulating with his tortoise-shell glasses, he would spend hours in conversation, his attentive and admiring audience seated around him on a long counter covered in green leather. For years, on Sunday afternoons at Versailles or Tours, he was the centre of a circle of friends and casual visitors, the latter of all kinds, many of them strangers, who remained only a few moments, saw the Master and obtained from him his autograph in one of his books, and then disappeared. Without the love of society and of conversation which were predominant traits both in Johnson and France, no amount of a purely literary fame would have given them a national reputation, which increased as it spread from person to person.

In conversation Johnson and France were alike, outspoken in their opinions on individuals, a fact which added not a little to the enjoyment of their visitors; probably the personal views of no literary men of eminence have been so largely preserved and circulated. They lent themselves to immortality and to permanence,

for they were always clear, decided, and epigrammatic. 'Sir,' Dr. Johnson once said of Goldsmith, 'he is so much afraid of being unnoticed that he often talks merely lest you should forget he is in the company.' And he said of Burke that he was not so agreeable as the variety of his knowledge would otherwise make him, because he talked partly from ostentation. This may be compared with France's cynical remark about Barthou: 'He has delivered an admirable oration on Napoleon, but he could quite well have spoken to the contrary, for he is a man who changes opportunely.' 'Heredia,' France observed, 'collected words as children collect pebbles; he picks out words from dictionaries,' and more to the same effect, and then with Johnsonian good nature and frankness, he concluded 'after all, he is the best fellow in the world.'

Most of France's sayings were tinged with cynicism, with a good-natured irony; 'a people must be very rich to indulge in the luxury of a democratic government'; and of a friend who was an anarchist he said that he liked him because, never having taken part in the government of his country, he was still very innocent. Another time he caustically observed that 'intelligence is a calamity; it is the worst gift anyone can have in the world.' The French word 'intelligence' is too limited for English readers, but one may perhaps call it 'brains,' and a good many will agree with France with the corollary that 'the true dream is to be stupid, which, however, does not exclude skill'—in other words, the manual worker, undisturbed by mental storms, doubts, and searchings, is happier than many of the modern brain-workers.

In the range and retentiveness of their memory, we find a marked resemblance between the two men. Johnson preserved in his mind all sorts of out-of-the-way verses, which in the first instance he could hardly have done more than scan in a hasty perusal. France, on the other hand, could recite without effort hundreds of lines of Racine and André Chénier, and he knew by heart endless details gathered from histories and memoirs, to which he could refer in conversation without effort and with surprising accuracy. Johnson and France are not the only persons who have had this same fortunate, natural endowment. But in their case, as in that of Macaulay, the gift was employed in public; it was not reserved for the society of a friend, or the creation of a book. Johnson, indeed, was contemptuous of a scholar who was silent in society. Referring to Demosthenes Taylor, he exclaimed in his vehement way, 'he will not talk, sir, so his learning does no good—gives us no pleasure.'

France, whose disciples were more numerous than those of Johnson, was ever willing to give them both the benefit and the pleasure of his accumulated store of learning. This utilisation of an extraordinary memory in conversation unites the Doctor and the Master. Each spoke to a circle, one at Streatham, at a club or in some hospitable house, the other at the Villa Said at Versailles, or at La Bechellerie, and each with equal enjoyment. 'There is,' the Doctor once declared, 'in the world no real delight but exchange of ideas in conversation,' a sentiment with which France cordially agreed, though both of these great men reduced, or were sometimes allowed by their friends to reduce, conversation to a monologue, so that often there was little of that exchange of ideas which Johnson regarded as the basis of true conversation. Bennett Langton, after an evening with Johnson and Burke, was walking home with the statesman, and in the course of their talk Langton said that he could have wished, during the evening, to have heard more from another person, meaning Burke. 'Oh no,' said Burke; 'it is enough for me to have rung the bell.' Johnson had, on that occasion, obviously monopolised the conversation.

The same conversational fault is equally clearly discernible in the familiar descriptions which have been written since his death of the intimate life of France. It would have been impossible for a man of great intellectual gifts, delighting in their display among men and women, not to have contracted this shortcoming, especially when it is clear that France made no attempt to limit the number of his guests. So far from retiring from the crowd, he welcomed it; and yet, curiously enough, he disliked and evaded public meetings.

This pleasure in society, of course, laid both men open to the advances of those stupid people whom both Johnson and France rather liked, as the phrase is, to score off. A foolish lady asked France one day which of his books he preferred, and he replied without a moment's hesitation, '*Le Violon de Faïence*'—a purely imaginary title of a purely imaginary book. The reply came with equal rapidity, '*Moi aussi, Maître.*' Boswell has noted quite similar sallies by Johnson, though his replies to foolish people were more in the nature of blows with a bludgeon. 'Would you,' asked a young gentleman in the drawing-room at Streatham, 'advise me to marry?' The answer startled the ingenuous inquirer. 'I would advise no man to marry, sir, who is not likely to propagate understanding,' and he walked out of the room. 'Our

companion,' observes Mrs. Thrale, 'looked confounded,' which was not surprising.

It would be a mistake, however, to regard this pleasure which Johnson and France found in society merely as an idle way of passing an hour or two, or for the satisfaction of exhibiting remarkable mental gifts. It was largely a form of philanthropy—that is, not of philanthropy as popularly regarded, limited to the assistance of some benevolent object, but in a finer sense; a love of their fellow-beings, of coming in contact with them, of finding enjoyment in their gifts and even in their faults. It was the result of large-heartedness. Johnson was a strong Tory, but he had intimate friends among the Whigs. France, who could see all the shortcomings of democracy, was actually in theory a socialist, chiefly from the same reason—a desire to see everyone as well off as himself.

In another and an admirable way there was a distinct affinity between Johnson and France. Each detested exaggeration in statement and big words, whether in conversation or in writing. This was the distinct opinion of those who frequented France's *salon*.

A phrase which he used and which includes a neat play on words and is illustrative of this, has been preserved by one of France's most assiduous listeners during the last decade of his life. '*Les grands mots, mon ami, mènent aux grands maux.*' It is not surprising that one who was always seeking in writing for the *juste mot*, and who valued form in literature, should have disliked exaggeration of verbal expression as much as Johnson, and it was for this reason that in conversation, France spoke carefully and even with some hesitation, so that his thoughts, when uttered, should be expressed in appropriate language.

In the case of Johnson, Boswell has given many examples of this dislike. In fact, he has told a story on the point against himself, for at Harwich when Boswell was starting on his journey to Utrecht and observed that it would be terrible if the Doctor could not, after he had sailed, speedily return to London, the latter snubbed him with the remark, 'Don't, sir, accustom yourself to use big words for little matters'; and he gave for a reason for liking old Mr. Langton that 'he never embraces you with an overacted cordiality'—a cordiality, that is, of language.

The striking traits in which a resemblance between Johnson and Anatole France can be traced clearly sprang from several common qualities—a keen power of observation, an equally keen

love of mingling with all sorts and conditions of men, and a lifelong habit of mental candour. But at the same time in one basic condition they were poles apart. Johnson looked at things from the point of view of a Christian, Anatole France from that of a pagan; yet these opposite points of view produced in both men a similar result—a permanent sense of emotional and intellectual depression. Johnson was perpetually perplexed by hopes and fears of his eternal salvation, and his many Prayers and Meditations which have been preserved are lifelong evidence of it. 'I rose according to my resolution, and am now to begin another year (January 1781), I hope with an amendment of life. I will not despair. Help me, help me, O my God.'

France, on the other hand, found so much pleasure in existence that he was always unresigned to the shortness of human life.

E. S. ROSCOE.

RELATIVITY.

WHENEVER I go out to tea,
 My friends desire to do me good ;
 They tell me what I shouldn't be,
 They tell me what I should.

Oh, they are kindly, they are wise,
 And excellent is all they say !
 Their final verdict in their eyes
 I read—and turn away.

Their criticisms are rehearsed
 By memory till I have them pat ;
 And still I wonder which is worst,
 My head, or heart, or hat !

Each is unutterably wrong :
 Each is inextricably I !
 I'd sell myself for an old song,
 But nobody would buy.

So home I go in sorry plight—
 But my dog barks as I draw near ;
 And in tumultuous delight
 He hails me : ' You are here !

' This long and dreary afternoon
 I've been without you, dearest chum !
 You never can come back too soon ;
 Hurrah, I'm glad you've come ! '

Then Pussy leaps upon my knee,
 And beatifically purrs
 That there is nothing wrong with me—
 I'm just what she prefers.

They only are a dog and cat,
My morals cause them no distress,
They do not mind about my hat,
They simply love and bless.

But if such errant souls as mine,
Who fail in every human test,
Were called to face some judge divine,
Or the verdict of the blest,

Should we not falter ? Maimed and poor,
Bowed down by much forgiveness, even
On earth—ah, how could we endure
The pardon of high Heaven ?

Peace ! Though the harvest of our years
Has failed, and we are sore bested,
It is the judgment of our peers,
And not of Heaven, we dread.

We who are weaklings fear the weak ;
They are our spiritual kin ;
And even in their scorn they speak
The language of our sin.

But—if upon this dim grey earth
They sojourn—spirits higher far
May see the soul of smallest worth
Clear shining as a star.

To plumb our folly all too wise,
And all too pure our guilt to guess—
Nor scorn nor censure in their eyes,
They simply love and bless !

MAY KENDALL.

MEES DOLLY.

(AN UNTOLD TRAGEDY OF '57.)

BY LT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE MACMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

'In the 1st Heavy Battery, the 75th are said to have killed a European formerly in the Artillery, who had directed the fire on us. By the way, I must mention that a European woman was hung at Meerut, being implicated in the arrangements for the first outbreak.'

The above extract is from the 'Life' of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Norman, at one time Viceroy-designate of India, and a man of brilliant character and ability. The letter was written to his wife at Simla when Captain Norman was officiating as Adjutant-General of the Army in Bengal, with the force before Delhi in '57, in succession to Brig.-General Neville Chamberlain, who almost immediately after joining the force had received a severe wound. The Commander-in-Chief and Army Headquarters had moved from Simla to Delhi, the Chief dying of cholera *en route*, and the headquarters had perforce remained with the field force. Norman, though very junior, had been universally recognised as competent to take Chamberlain's place, and hold this high office, though he was no doubt able to consult the wounded brigadier, who remained with the force.

Obviously he was a person of judgment and the last man to write to that anxious gathering of women and wounded in the hills, already agog with every piece of ill-considered gossip, anything that was not fact.

We may, therefore, take it as certain that a European woman was hung at Meerut for her share in the Mutiny there. Yet never in any story or in any history has any hint of such a supreme tragedy ever been given. Such a thing appears unthinkable, and yet Norman could not have written it out of his head. The Adjutant-General of the Army, writing to his wife amid frightened refugees, could neither have gossiped nor romanced on so painful a subject.

The mystery has always intrigued me greatly, all the more so

when I found that, though many had read Sir Henry Norman's 'Life,' no one seemed to have noticed the passage. Two of his sons in the Indian Army whom I knew well knew nothing of it, though declaring that their father would never have mentioned it if it had not been true. But I have hunted high and low, in high-ways and byways, for any record or despatch or memoir or anything in the summaries of events in the Meerut district or what was then the North-West Provinces, and history is silent, completely silent.

The romance of the Great Sepoy Mutiny has always had the deepest hold on me, due to family history and upbringing, and perhaps to a nurse who had been in the defence of the Residency of Lucknow, or Bailey Guard, over the ruins of which alone in all the Empire the British flag is never hauled down, rain or shine, until a new one replaces the storm-worn bunting. Brought up within the courts of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea with that magnificent figure of 'Pat' Grant, the Field-Marshal and Governor, before my eyes, the romance of India and its army burnt deep into my mind.

On going to India, as I did on first joining the Artillery, the story of the Mutiny was ever in my mind, and at every station the events of '57 were eagerly traced. If you do this persistently, especially twenty-five or thirty years ago, many unrecorded sidelights would reward your diligence. Some of these I hope one day to record, for to-day it is only the bare story that is brought to men's minds and not the colour that can make it all seem real.

To all that I had already picked up and traced out, came some fifteen years ago this super-tragedy from the letter of Norman's, and it was not till quite lately that I was able to strike the trail which has enabled me to reconstruct the story of which, as I have said, no official record appears to exist. From 1920 for several years onwards I happened to hold the high office of Grand Master of the Freemasons in the Punjab District, one of the Provinces under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of England. That is an office which throws one in contact with many of what are known as the domiciled community of India. Some of that community are pure European, whether born in India or in the United Kingdom, others are of mixed descent. They are strong supporters of the Volunteer or, as it is now called, the Auxiliary Force, and also of the Craft. The memory of the Mutiny is fresh in the minds of many of them, indeed it is only necessary to read the tablet by the south door of old James Skinner's Church, within the Kashmir

Gate at Delhi, to see why. That tablet records the death, at the hands of the mutineers and mob, of the great grandparents, ten children, sixteen grandchildren and several great-grandchildren of one family. It is from folk of this community that some queer stories of '57 are to be obtained. From one of them, an old station-master in Bengal, I heard the unrecorded story of how, after the disarming of the brigade at Mian Mir, Henry Olpherts, the brother of 'Hellfire Jack,' galloped his guns up to the piles of arms and came into action among them, lest any attempt to regain them should be made.

One evening, sitting at a Masonic banquet after a meeting, I was discussing the wonderful story of the last meeting of the Lodge at Cawnpore, to which indeed Sir Hugh Wheeler himself belonged, held in a sunken chamber in the Dragoon barrack, during the last hours of the defence, the proceedings being recorded in masonic cypher on the walls, to be read by those who came, alas ! too late. Some one said, 'Old Tom Maginnis¹ over there is a Mutiny man.' I looked across, and saw a white-bearded old man with a hearty, ruddy face, and after dinner went and sat beside him.

'Where were you in '57 ?' I asked.

'I was a trumpeter in the Bengal Horse Artillery Depot at Meerut, Right Worshipful Sir.'

'How old were you ?'

'A lad of seventeen, sir. My father was sergeant-major at Dum-Dum, but I went to the railways soon after the Mutiny.'

'I've always wanted to find someone who had been at Meerut. What do you remember of it ?'

'Not much of the actual outbreak. It was some way from our lines, and we were manning the *Dumdummah* ; but I was told off as the brigadier's trumpeter, and stayed with him. We could hear the shouts and the firing, and saw the glare of blazing bungalows. The troop was hooked in, and went off with the Rifles towards the native lines, and we heard them firing. All the women and children were brought into the *Dumdummah* during the night, and by morning the Sepoys had gone off to Delhi. But a few days later I was sent to the Khaki Risallah as trumpeter. That's how I came to go to the railways, for we had some railway engineers in the Risallah.'

Now the Khaki Risallah was a volunteer mounted corps raised from officers of regiments that had mutinied, clerks, engineers,

¹ I have changed the name. Now he too has passed away.

civilians, etc., both white and those with coloured blood. Under a Civilian named Dunlop it did months of excellent guerrilla service all over the district, and restored order in many directions.

And then I said to him, 'Did you ever hear of any European woman joining the mutineers, or having anything to do with them?'

The old man stroked his long beard, and sipped his whisky and soda.

'There was one or two of 'em, Eurasians mostly, carried off. There was one living till quite lately in a village near Delhi, but I never heard of one of 'em who actually took part with them. Wait now, sir, while I think. . . . I wonder if you are speaking of Miss Dolly—' Mees ' Dolly, as I've heard them natives call her.'

And then I got from him what is probably the foundation of Captain Norman's letter. Piecing it together, it seemed to run like this. In most Bazaars attached to large cantonments now and again some unfortunate European or Eurasian women have at one time or another established themselves. In these days no English woman would be allowed to remain in such a position, though to this day at times some of mixed parentage may be found. In that wonderful book of the Indian Mutiny, Mrs. Steele has told the story, well known at the time, of how the courtesans in the Bazaar had started the outbreak at Meerut, by jeering at the men of the Light Cavalry, who had endured unavenged the sight of eighty of their comrades, who had refused to use their ammunition at rifle practice, being put into irons. There are only three real novels that deal faithfully with the Mutiny. Chesney's 'The Dilemma,' Forest's 'Eight Days,' and Mrs. Steele's 'On the Face of the Waters.' Perhaps as a later creation Patricia Wentworth in 'The Devil's Wind,' may be added, as realising something of the colour and pathos. But of them all Mrs. Steele alone has gripped the whole story, of glory, of tragedy, the pathetic feelings of the soldiery who rued their folly, the relentless grip of the cholera-stricken and fever-gripped avengers, and this touch of the courtesans who put a torch to the fuel. But even Mrs. Steele has not told of 'Mees' Dolly.

It seemed that a European woman lived in the Saddar Bazaar at Meerut, and Maginnis thought that she was pure white, 'but country-born, like myself, sir.' Rumour had it that she was the widow of a sergeant, and had been in trouble for theft, and had eventually drifted to the Bazaar. A fortnight after the outbreak at Meerut, just after the troops had marched against Delhi under Brigadier Wilson, the Khaki Risallah scouring the country had

found a European woman about to drive away from a small bungalow, apparently derelict, in the Stud Farm at Hapur. She was, he remembered, brought in under escort, and he had heard, he thought, that she was wanted for egging on the mutineers and helping at the murder of two Eurasian girls who also lived in the Bazaar. But Maginnis was really pretty hazy, and I found after a bit that he was prepared to agree to any suggestion that I made to help the story out. 'But I soon went on to Delhi, sir,' and I think I remember hearing she was popped.'

That was all there was to it, a shadow of a story, with obviously some germ of truth in it. Piecing this together with one or two stories that I had heard elsewhere, I have come to the conclusion that 'Mees' Dolly had drifted to the Bazaar after some lawless life of adventure, following possibly on a conviction for theft, as Maginnis had suggested, and kept a house of refreshment of sorts. Before the Mutiny life was not always as regular in India as it is now. Outside the gate of Agra fort on the glacis is a tomb to a Christian woman, whether native or white is not said, described as 'the charming companion through many campaigns of Lieutenant . . . of the . . . Bengal Native Infantry.' More than one of the biographies of the early part of the nineteenth century tell of such companions. Poor lawless 'Mees' Dolly, still accorded the title of honour, had settled in the Meerut Bazaar after heaven knows what other adventures, and then must have gone sour. Right through history, from the days of the pirates to Houston Chamberlain, there are cases of those who go sour against their own folk. In 1826, when Bhurtpur was stormed, an Artillery sergeant wearing the Waterloo medal, with two or three companions, was found working the enemy's guns and was hung for his pains. So 'Mees' Dolly, her hand against every man, and no doubt enraged by the cold shoulder shown to her on all sides, had turned sour, and was found on the side of the mutineers.

The entry in Norman's diary would be the record of the wages thereof, and there seems to be no other. But surely no tragedy of a waste product was ever greater. *Sunt lacrymae rerum.*

THAT STATION IN LIFE . . .

BY CARLETON KEMP ALLEN.

'O TWICE-BORN and ever wise!' cried the young man, 'give me counsel, for my way of life has become hateful to me!'

The old man's gaze came back slowly from the infinite distance on which it was fixed. First wonder, then sternness, came into his eyes.

'Is it my pupil speaking?' he asked. 'What is there hateful, save illusion and impatience, in thy way of life, or in any way of life?'

'Only that it *is*, and must be, my way of life! Oh, *guru*, is there no escape?'

'Escape?' said the old man. 'From what? From life? From death? From rebirth? Fifty years of my life I have pondered the meaning of things, but "escape" I never heard of. Expound it to me, learned youth,' he added harshly, 'for it seems that I must now learn from my own pupils.'

Tears came into the youth's eyes.

'Do not mock me, master,' he pleaded. 'I am sick with my lot.'

'That is sin and folly.'

'It is easy for thee to say that,' exclaimed the young man bitterly, 'thou who art at the end of life! But for the young it is hard—thou canst not deny that it is hard!'

Before the steady, unimpassioned stare the heat died out of the young man's speech, and he sat with bowed head, like one awaiting judgment.

'As if anything in life were easy!' said the old man at last, more gently. 'And what is this thing which is especially hard?'

The youth extended his right hand.

'See my thumb!' he cried.

'The thumb of a potter. It is said in the bazaar, the thumb of a good potter—which is well, my son.'

'At my birth it was moulded to the clay as surely as now the clay is moulded to it! As doomed and helpless as the clay itself! And condemned to that and nothing else—clay, earth, clay!—for all my life!'

'Thou meanest, for all thy lives.'

'Thou art indeed a comforter, *guru*,' said the youth sullenly.

'Ten million years,' the old man droned, 'in the Courts of Indra thy father's fathers made earthenware pots, ten million years hereafter thy children's children will do the like. For it is a poor fancy of mankind—altogether an unnecessary fancy, my son—that it must have pots; and to this fancy the God permits thee and all thy kindred and all thy caste to minister faithfully for ever and ever.'

'For ever and ever!' the youth repeated, with a groan.

'All which is child's knowledge, so that I take shame I should repeat it, or thou hear it from my lips again. And therefore I do not understand what there is in this that is "hard—" what there is that should make my pupil deny all my teaching and set himself up against the simplest laws of life.'

'But why,' the youth persisted, 'why is it—why *must* it be a potter's thumb?'

'Didst thou not say it was so born?'

'Then by what spite of nature,' cried the pupil fiercely, 'was this other thing born with me too? Why is there in me, deep and urgent, that which hates the clay and cries out for things not earthy?' The hand trembled as he stretched it out before the old man's face. 'This thumb, this hand, could strike, and win, and command—ah, but it *could*, master, every throb of my blood tells me so!—and it must be for ever fawning on the gross bellies of dirt-born things! A hand, I say, to fashion poems in verse, or jewel, or stone, not base sherds for mean uses and careless flinging away! I say this my hand *could* do and yearns to do—and not all thy philosophy can make it content with clay for ever and ever!'

Mournfully the old man rocked himself to and fro.

'*Maya! Maya!*' he cried. 'This thing is called ambition. It is the besetting illusion of youth, as regret is the besetting illusion of age. And of all vanities it is the most vain.'

'But it clings, it clings, master—it cannot be put off like a garment!'

'Can it not? Then woe to thee! For unless thou put it off, what a rebirth awaits thee! Beware, presumptuous youth! Thou vauntest thy right hand? Thou, being *vaisya*, scornest an honest potter's thumb? Hast thou not heard the tale of Ramanath and of Dhula, the King's Archer? Or have ancient books taught thee as little as my poor lessons?'

'I have not heard the tale,' the youth confessed.

'Mark it, and learn patience.'

The Rajput lands were ever the cradle of warriors, but of all that ever dwelt there none could match the Knights of Bhutal in valour and in skill. Their lineage went back into the darkness of time even as far as the Serpent People ; and to the limits of man's memory their prowess had been famed in every land. All the flower of youth and manhood were numbered among them, and nothing they performed was unworthy the poets who sang them nobly from age to age. On them the Kings of Bhutal leaned as on a strong staff, and in every high project they were the very sinews of enterprise. For they were schooled not only in daring, but in wisdom ; and as man-made weapons were the instruments of their will, so godly virtue was the armour of their soul.

Great as was their excellence at all times, it had never shone so bright as in the days of King Jamanjir. With spear and sword the Knights were mighty as ever, so that in close affray none could withstand them ; but in distant fighting also they taught their foes a new terror, for they had become bowmen such as had never yet been seen either in battle or in play. It is written that for the king's pleasure a score of them would stand in line taking aim upon the same mark, and while the King counted twenty they would loose their shafts each after the other from the right hand to the left ; and each arrow would splinter that which had sped before, so that at the end there remained one whole arrow in the centre, and round about it nineteen silver arrow-heads all in the clout of the target. In combat their flights of arrows were so many certain and separate deaths ; and whether on foot or on horseback they made such play with their bows that rebel and invader alike scattered before them as dry pods before the monsoon, and men cried out in amazement that no human art, but magic, directed their hands.

Yet there was no magic in their art, but only perfect skill. And of that skill the master and maintainer was Dhula, the King's Archer. Many were still striplings when they were admitted to the Company of the Knights, but none so young as Dhula ; for he was little more than a boy when he first bore arms in the King's service, so early did he show himself endowed with all noble gifts of the mind and of the body. He had scarce seventeen years when at the royal tourney he excelled all his fellows in feats of the bow, and was there and then proclaimed by the King Captain of the Knight-Archers. And the King said before them all : ' Youth, thou hast more cunning in archery than any of thy years has ever

possessed. Use it well.' But Dhula looked upon the ground and only said : ' Presence, it is not enough.' And when friends and kin came to rejoice with him for the honour that had befallen him, he was very sober of mien, and would not make merry with them, saying always : ' Some skill I have, but it is not enough.' And he schooled himself in every craft and exercise of bowmanship more diligently than ever.

When three years had passed, there was held a great pomp upon the nuptials of the King's eldest son, and a tourney was enacted more magnificent than had ever been known in all the golden days of King Jamanjir. And Dhula performed such marvels of marksmanship that the King arose in his place and said :

' Hear me, knights and nobles and all my subjects : gifts of gold and palaces of marble are things of a day and pass into dust with those who take delight in them : to Dhula I give a greater guerdon than these, for it shall be thus set down in the records of my kingdom, to be known for all time, that as among gods there is only one archer who is Rama, so among men is there only one archer who is Dhula.'

A great acclaim arose from all the people, and smiles of favour shone upon Dhula like lamps in a garden of pleasure. But he looked upon the ground, and still he said : ' Some skill I have, but it is not enough.' The next day it was noised abroad that his house was empty, and he was seen no more, and was mourned as one dead. The King grieved out of all measure, and never ceased his lament. But after three years joy came to him again, for upon a day Dhula suddenly appeared before him, as it were from the dead. The King, though in truth his heart mightily rejoiced, felt also great wonder and some little wrath.

' What means this, Dhula ? ' he asked. ' Is this thy gratitude, when I have loaded thee with honours, to withdraw thyself from my service ? '

' Sir,' said Dhula, ' at that time I was not deserving of thy honours nor thy praise : but now of a truth I am in some measure worthy to be thy captain and to be known as the chief archer among men. For now have I found that which was wanting. Three years I have sat in solitude and have contemplated the very meaning of archery. And now, Sir, I *know* this thing which before I did but practise : and now can I truly teach those who would learn this art. These fruits of my study I bring to thy service.'

As greatly as King Jamanjir had grieved, so greatly did he now rejoice : and all his Court and all the Company of the Knights rejoiced with him.

So it was that Dhula was placed in authority above all the Knights and was made their absolute instructor and ensample in all the exercises of archery. None would be called by the King to be of his chosen bowmen except he had proved himself to Dhula ; and under his care the Knights of Bhutal grew to such excellence as I have told thee. The King adorned him with every token of trust and favour. Yet Dhula kept ever the seemingly modest bearing of his youth, and in nothing presumed beyond the one office which the Brahma had called him to perform. And so his greatness never waned throughout his days.

When Dhula had served the King many years, and was now past the noon of life, he sat one day in a wood, sheltered from the heat of summer, meditating, as was ever his custom, upon new subtleties of his craft. Suddenly there came from the wood a young man who abased himself reverently before Dhula and craved speech with him.

‘ Say on,’ Dhula bade him, for in counsel and encouragement of the young he never failed.

The youth fell on his knees and clasped his hands in entreaty.

‘ Make me of the King’s Archers ! ’ he cried.

Many sought this boon of Dhula, and he was quick to appraise his petitioners. Few had seemed so goodly in his eyes as the youth who now besought him ; for he was comely and straight and lithe, and his face was of one who had been nurtured in the ways of virtue, and in his eyes was the light of devotion. Therefore, though his request was great, Dhula did not chide him.

‘ What is thy name ? ’ he asked.

‘ Ramanath the son of Samanath,’ replied the stripling.

‘ What is thy age ? ’

‘ Eighteen, Master.’

‘ What is thy strength ? ’

The youth flung his arm round a sturdy sapling of teak and bent it to the ground.

‘ Root it up,’ said Dhula.

An hour the youth laboured and sweated and he rooted up the sapling.

‘ Rest,’ said Dhula ; and when another hour had passed, he asked :

‘What is thy skill?’

‘Test me,’ said the young man, for he carried bow and arrows with him.

Dhula gazed upwards. A flock of parrots darted high over the tree-tops.

‘Which one, think you,’ said Dhula, ‘is the smallest of yonder birds?’

‘This one,’ said the youth; the voice of his bowstring sang like the note of a harp, and he laid at Dhula’s feet a little young parrot spitted upon a quivering arrow.

Dhula nodded, well pleased, and questioned him again.

‘What is thy caste?’ he said.

Ramanath was silent.

‘What is thy caste?’ said Dhula again.

‘O Master!’ cried the youth, ‘my strength and my skill and my will are my caste!’

‘What is thy caste?’ asked Dhula a third time.

The young Ramanath hung his head. ‘I am of the leather-workers,’ he said.

Dhula clapped his hands, and from a thicket near by two servants appeared.

‘Go instantly,’ said Dhula, ‘and prepare my bath and summon priests; for I am unclean and an offence among my fellows.’ And to the young man he said: ‘Thou Ramanath the leatherworker, son of Samanath the leatherworker, ask not to be of the Knight-Archers, but rather ask Brahma the Creator that he give thee the sun out of the sky.’

But the youth still pleaded.

‘O Dhula,’ he cried, ‘turn me not away! Dost thou not see how I am aflame with the passion of thy surpassing art? Grant me but thy instruction and I will be thy slave! With thee to teach me none in all Bhutal shall excel me save only Dhula! Master, I know it can be so! Dhula, Master, god!’ he cried: ‘I implore thee of thy mercy!’

And he fell at Dhula’s feet and kissed his shoe.

Now Dhula’s shoes were of China handicraft, very finely wrought of satin and spun gold and sewn with purest pearls; and they were the gift of the King himself. Dhula summoned back his servants and said: ‘Take the shoes from my feet and cast them away with the offscourings of my house.’ And to Ramanath he said: ‘Leatherworker, because of thy youth and the urgency of thy

desire I have forgiven thee ; but take heed, for if thou come again in my presence or cast thy abominable shadow upon me, thou shalt find that I have wrath as well as patience.'

And he walked unshod through the thorns of the forest to his dwelling and fasted three days, and three days bathed in water brought by holy men from the far Ganges, until he should be cleansed and could come uncontaminated before the King and among the company of his fellows.

A long time Ramanath lay stricken, and then he went his way and came no more into the presence of Dhula nor of any man of knightly caste.

Many years after, when the grey of Dhula's beard was turned to white, it chanced that the King held a great hunting with all those of his Court who were most renowned in the chase. And as they took their way through an open place in the jungle, the King's elephant stopped suddenly and trumpeted as if affrighted. None could see what had put him in fear ; but thou knowest, boy, how the great beast will make more ado than a woman of some small unwonted thing. The huntsmen searched the ground for spoor of tiger or leopard, and one of them as he searched spied a thing that caused him to cry out in wonder. It was the tongue of a jackal, cut from its roots with a straight, true cut, as with a sharp knife.

'No fang or claw has done this,' said the King, as he examined the bright flesh, 'but the hand of a man. But what manner of man is it that cuts the tongue from a jackal's mouth ?'

None could answer. The hunt passed on, and presently the King's elephant stopped again in fear, and again they found a jackal's tongue cut as with a knife, and their wonder grew. And a third time it befell, and yet a fourth, till all were amazed.

Then the King said : 'This passes my understanding. Dhula, thou art wisest among us : solve me this riddle.'

'Sir,' said Dhula, 'we have seen a marvel. For though my sight grows dim, yet this I know beyond questioning, that that which hath cut the jackals' tongues is no knife, but the point of an arrow.'

And he expounded to them how such and such were the marks of a blade, and such and such the marks of an arrow-head.

The King cried in astonishment : 'Is there such marksmanship in all the world ?'

'What we have seen, we have seen,' answered Dhula. 'Be

assured there lives in this wilderness a man who shoots not material things, but very sounds. He hath pierced not jackals, but the jackal's howl !'

'If such a man lives,' cried the King, 'why is he not of the company of my archers ?'

But Dhula held his peace.

Presently, as they fared onwards, they came to a place where sat a man in meditation, a bow and arrows at his side. As the King approached, he rose from his place and made obeisance.

'What man art thou ?' said the King.

'A poor man and solitary, and thy subject, O Presence,' said the man.

'Dost thou dwell here ?'

'These twenty years, Sir.'

'Alone ?'

'Alone, Sir.'

'What dost thou in this place ?'

'I meditate, Sir.'

The King looked upon him sternly.

'What sport or profit is it to thee,' he asked, 'to hunt so base a thing as the jackal ?'

Ramanath looked astonished. 'I hunt nothing, Sir,' he said, 'save for food. I only meditate.'

The King flung down the jackal's tongues. 'How came these things in the jungle ?' he asked.

'There were noises in the night,' said Ramanath, 'that disturbed my peace. I drove them away.'

'In the darkness thou didst this ?'

'How otherwise, Sir ?'

'Now by my head and the crown upon my head,' cried the King in wrath, 'thou liest, and thou, Dhula, growest old and strayest in thy wits ! There is no such thing possible !'

'Test him,' said Dhula.

'Liar and malapert,' said the King to Ramanath, 'shoot me now a sound !'

'It is not meet,' said Ramanath, 'that apes should chatter while a king speaks' : and he loosed a shaft into the air. And he bade the huntsmen search the jungle : and a long way off they spied upon a tree a monkey all bloody in the mouth, and at the foot of the tree lay the monkey's tongue, cut from the roots with a straight, true cut.

The King said : ' Dhula, what sayest thou to this ? '

Dhula answered : ' I say that this man is the greatest archer who has ever drawn bow, and that beside him I, Dhula, am but a suckling child. '

Then the King came down from his elephant and stood before Ramanath in humility. ' How shall I make thee amends, ' he said, ' I that gave the lie to the greatest archer who has ever drawn bow ? '

' Make me of thy Knights ! ' cried Ramanath.

' Shall I not make him of my Knights ? ' the King asked Dhula.

' Ask him his caste, ' said Dhula.

' What is thy caste ? ' said the King.

' Make me of thy Knights ! ' cried Ramanath.

' What is thy caste ? ' asked the King again.

' I am of the leatherworkers, ' said Ramanath, and stood abashed.

The tide of red flooded the King's countenance, and swiftly ebbed again, leaving it pale and terrible. His right hand uprose like the blade of a sword as if to strike down Ramanath where he stood moveless ; then slowly it descended, and for a space the King stood still in thought. A silence of death was upon all the others.

Then the King turned and made to mount his elephant. And when he was within the howdah he said : ' The hunt is ended. Return to the palace and summon the priests for purification. '

And he would have gone without any word more for Ramanath. But Halim, who was the eldest of the counsellors and sometime Captain of the Knights, stepped forth and said :

' Sir, I speak for all thy Knights. A man of the leatherworkers hath filched our art and desecrated our mysteries. Judge this man, O King. '

But the King said : ' Dhula shall judge. '

All stood silent as Dhula stepped forth.

' Come hither, leatherworker, ' said Dhula, ' and let thy shadow be behind thee. '

Ramanath came and lifted his eyes to Dhula's.

' Where hast thou learned thy art ? ' said Dhula.

' Dhula taught me, ' said Ramanath.

' How ? Did I not banish thee from my presence ? '

' Thou couldst not banish me from the magic of thy wisdom. Twenty years I have dwelt in the jungle and contemplated the perfection of Dhula's art. And now my arrows shoot what my ears hear and my eyes cannot see. Who but Dhula has taught me ? '

There was a murmur of wonder and doubt from all round about, but Dhula raised his hand for silence.

'It is even so, and this I knew when first I saw the jackals' tongues; for it was this last perfection that I studied in my meditations, but could not yet attain. So, Ramanath,' he continued, 'I have taught thee, and thou hast learned to excel thy master. Those whom I teach reward my service. What reward dost thou offer thy teacher?'

'Thou seest me,' said Ramanath, 'how poor I am. But whatsoever is in my power to give, ask, O Dhula my master.'

Dhula looked upon him with a smile and said: 'Give me the thumb from thy right hand.'

Ramanath stood awhile in bitterness of spirit: his eyes closed in prayer: and when he opened them again, the light of devotion shone in them again as when first he made petition to Dhula.

He drew his hunter's knife and struck the thumb from his right hand and offered it to Dhula.

And Dhula as he turned to leave the place spurned with his heel the leatherworker's gift.

The youth sat bemused as he pondered the old man's tale. Very gently his master took his wrist and with his forefinger lightly struck the thumb of the potter's right hand.

The youth screamed. 'What hast thou done?' he cried. 'See, the blood gushes, and flames of fire devour my hand! I am maimed and stricken, and can no more ply my trade!'

'Look again,' said the old man. 'There is no blood, and thy hand is whole. Thou hast tasted a little of the pains of Ramanath the leatherworker.'

The youth looked again, and was ashamed.

'Go thy ways, potter,' said the *guru*, 'and make thy pots well for the service of men. Guard thy thumb, lest it be struck from the hand that is raised against thy *Varna*.'

The young man took his way to the bazaar and sat down to his wheel: and behind the tears in his eyes was the light of everlasting patience.

LASAR.

By P. E. F. THOMAS.

THE sound of the name Lasar conjures up in the mind of an art student of the 'nineties the picture of an atelier in the Quartier Latin of Paris, where English and American women pursued the study of art under that vivacious little professor.

To the art student, Paris is Paris, and no other spot in the world can take its place. It is what Mecca is to the Mohammedan, London to the Colonial, Paradise to the Peri. The Slade School, South Kensington, the Academy, Bushey, or Newlyn, were but stepping-stones to those higher things that Paris stood for; the Paris where painters of all nations forgather and where the pursuit of art is the serious business of life.

Having duly steeped themselves in the antique and plodded through the Life schools, students would go out to grass, so to speak, for a time, and try what they could do without guidance. It is by no means a rule that the best class-worker makes the best artist. Each one must learn to run alone; to feel his feet, and discover his line. After that comes the craving for yet more instruction, and the drawing to Paris gets stronger and stronger as the home of great technique.

My Bushey days being over, I settled down to independent work, painting earnestly all that came in my way. I even got a commission to paint two small pictures to fit spaces in a London drawing-room. I was to choose the subjects. One represented a rustic woman digging her garden, a line of clothes against the sky occurring in the background. The other showed a little girl standing under a cherry-tree in full bloom. These gave satisfaction except for the detail of the clothes line, which my lady client wished eliminated; so I obediently took in the washing and substituted a bit of green meadow and rail, with for interest a red calf ruminant. A friend suggested as a title for this idyll the words of Thackeray's poem:

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
I oftentimes hover.

The pictures were paid for, framed, and duly hung.

Sometimes, too, I exhibited at the London shows and elsewhere, even getting a couple of varnishing tickets from the exclusive Glasgow Institute ; but as none of these works sold, I did not find my painting remunerative. It was art for art's sake. And at any rate I was feeling my feet.

All things come to those who wait, and, biding patiently, I at last heard of a chance of getting to Paris. The sister of an old Irish lady I had boarded with in London had a small *pension* in Paris, and offered to find room for me if I cared to assist a French painter she knew with his pupils. I gladly seized the opportunity, a sympathetic relative coming forward to ease the financial situation, and with the minimum of delay or inquiry I set forth with a high heart on the stormiest of crossings for the goal of my desire.

Not at once was I to come under Lasar, the name which had attracted me while at Bushey. Lasar was to women students much what Whistler was to men. Pupils of his returning to Bushey spoke a strange jargon of technicalities, in which the word *soupe* played a prominent part. Herkomer had not disapproved of the teaching of this professor, and had said to certain students, ' If you must go to Paris, go to Lasar.'

But I found that the artist whom I was to assist was no celebrity. I do not even remember his name ; and he specialised in *la vie morte*, a line which was entirely without appeal to me. Nor had he any class except one desultory young married woman, so I had the studio to myself and nothing in the world to do. I could not bend my being to a group of odds and ends, so I tried getting in a model, but it was dreary work and seemed to lead nowhere. Nor did I understand how to manage the coke stove, so my little boy model turned green and only narrowly escaped asphyxiation. Some casual visitors dropping in suggested a casserole of water on the stove to moisten the air, but I felt more disposed to abandon it altogether.

The intermittent pupil contented herself with *la vie morte*, and I sketched her as she painted under the shade of a large artist's umbrella ; or went outside and drew the old woman in sabots weeding the flower-bed.

One day the Frenchman who had the next studio in the block came in wearing the typical huge top-hat and cloak, and invited me in to see his work. He was a sculptor, and had sundry busts and figures there ; one, a nice head of a woman, he told me was a

portrait of his wife. Another, a draped figure, represented one of Shakespeare's heroines and was designed for the London Academy. That was why, he explained, she was so fully clothed, the English being of a prudish mind and averse to nudes. English ideas have advanced since then, and the nude studies seen in London in the winter of 1925, notably in the International Exhibition, would, I think, have made that Frenchman blench. London may be said to have caught up Paris and to be behind no country in indelicacy in its art.

Meanwhile I joined the evening class at Colarossi's, and drew from the life in charcoal. Old Colarossi smiled a welcome to me when I went in, and accepted my fee with no preamble or introduction. I simply placed an easel and board and began to work, finding myself fairly up to the average of work. But I had been used at Bushey to use charcoal in stumped washes, and here only the point was used, so I had to alter my method to please the French professors. They considered the stumping tricky, or, as Girardot expressed it, 'trop de chic.' A rigorous truthfulness was what we had to aim at, and my attempt to glorify a model was met by a most furious rage of gesticulation and shouting on the part of the professor.

'Ce n'est pas sincère,' he cried, as if I had told a deadly lie; 'il y a trop de chic.'

I remember he added the awful word 'banal' too, and I felt that the cup of my humiliation was full. I never did it again. A plain model had to be a plain model, and I had no pity on him.

As everybody knows, old Colarossi had been a model to Meissonnier and all the big men, and when his sitting days were over they all agreed to come and teach for him gratis if he started a studio; so that he could make a profit on the fees paid by the students, with no deductions for the teaching staff. Blanc, Girardot, and others took their turns, and the atelier acquired a great reputation. Everybody who was anybody had been through a course at Colarossi's.

We were a wonderfully varied lot of pupils. Americans, Poles, French, Germans, Jews, English, met in the big upstairs room, and drew from 7 to 9 of the clock. Good, bad, and indifferent our work was, and criticised in violent French by the visiting professors. This was to some of the class no more expressive than a tinkling cymbal. Americans especially were slow to acquire the clipped and rapid tongue of Paris.

'Did you know what he said?' I asked a girl who had been smiling and nodding delightedly over the professor's remarks to her.

No, she had understood nothing. So I explained that he had been merely giving her the elementary injunction not to use the dried-up lumps of paint on her palette. This, by the way, was in the afternoon class which I joined later.

All this time I was living at the old Irish lady's flat, and sleeping in a tiny room *au sixième*, which was the only accommodation she had been able to get for me. But after the first month this *mansarde* was no longer available, and I had to fare forth and look for other quarters. Nor was I sorry, for the endless stairs were horribly trying, the flagged floor was hatefully cold, and a concentrated smell of cabbage hung in it continually and inexplicably. From the large skylight, when I got my head out, I commanded a giddy and comprehensive view of Paris, dominated by the Eiffel Tower with that arched decoration along its sides that always suggested to me a row of gigantic arm-chairs and a company of ogres drawn up to the dinner-table.

I was glad to descend from this undesirable eyrie and to exchange it for a comfortable bed-sitting-room on the first floor in a house recommended to me by an American girl student. It took all my French to pull off this transaction, as the old lady of the house had no English at all, but we came to terms very pleasantly. There were several other boarders, chiefly American, and the cooking was good and dainty. Mademoiselle, the daughter, ran the *pension*, and her mother brought grist to the mill by copying papers for lawyers in a beautiful hand.

It was only at dinner that we met, and for lunch I frequented the *crémeries* or restaurants handy by.

It interested me to see how differently the *gigot* is treated in France from our cold British way with it. In France it is a solemn institution, rousing enthusiasm.

'Aimez-vous le gigot, Mademoiselle?' asked my hostess earnestly. Somehow one seemed to need a different verb for the very moderate regard one had even for the best leg of mutton that ever grew. In point of fact, as served in France, the *gigot* aroused in me a strongish loathing. The carving of it was entirely new to me. A silver handle was clamped to its bone, and the carver, holding it firmly by this, cut it down the thick end in circular slices, disposed them in a heap, and passed round the dish. It was generally terribly underdone and, strangely enough, the French

cookers of this joint seemed to think that this was how *les Anglais* liked it. When I meekly asked the lady of a restaurant for a portion 'bien cuit,' she withdrew muttering darkly, and with so fierce an expression that I dared not patronise her establishment again. Rumour had it that she was dangerous when roused, and evidently the cooking of the *gigot* was a subject beyond criticism. It was the same everywhere, so in future I stuck to portions of *poulet* or the marvellously thin slices of *charcuterie* that were all that you got for your money.

At long last I shook myself free of the amateur studio and *la vie morte*, and set out to find in the long Rue de Vaugirard the remote corner where lurked the studio of Charles Lasar. A printing press roared continuously next door to it, and it had an unpretentious cobbled approach. The studio maid Marie, a nice-looking young woman with the gruff voice of Paris, showed me into a small studio where a very perfectly posed and lit nude showed startlingly against a finely contrasted background. Here Lasar was holding his class; Lasar himself at last, 'not Lancelot nor another.'

A preconceived idea is generally vastly wrong. So it was now. I had imagined something dignified and French and awe inspiring. I found a little stout man of comic and cheery aspect with the most American of accents, and a steady flow of amusing and intensely instructive talk. His bright mouse-like black eyes saw everything everywhere in their rapid gaze, and his clever hands seemed automatically to illustrate his speech with any medium, charcoal, brush, or merely gesture. Every turn of his body was full of energy, and inspired by a fire to teach and explain, and provoke to emulation. I began to feel that I had never been taught before.

My former masters had corrected and demonstrated, but they had never really instructed or theorised. They had all assumed that in Art, power came eventually by a sort of Heaven-sent revelation, like the conversion of a soul. Herkomer said to me, 'It will come'; but I found that it was more apt not to. Lasar explained the theory of what he demonstrated, and gave rules and axioms to work out, so that you left him with an eagerness to experiment and to prove the truth of his statements. And although by his method he had reduced Art to a business which any intelligent mind could master, yet the spirit and soul of it were by no means deadened, but rather given the strength of a solid foundation. The structure was built on facts, not accidents; on rocks, not sand.

One began to know *why* things were beautiful, and how to

produce certain effects. Composition was not a thing of chance but of careful arrangement. Edges that modelled and were yet clear-cut became no longer a mystery. Evening glow, morning mist, or midday glare could be produced by a few strokes of coloured chalks if rightly contrasted. Values, tone, *soupe*, were all things of supreme importance. For the uninitiated I should perhaps explain that *soupe* is the technical term for the colour of the light on the day and at the moment when a picture is begun. In order to keep this absolutely true, Whistler, Corot, and others of this school mixed their shades of *soupe* once and for all before beginning their picture, and bottled them into tubes to keep moist.

The mere plodding of a diligent student was abhorrent to Lasar.

'You draw too well,' he said to me. 'And you've just painted a tired model. Get a bit of devil into her.'

The first five minutes of the pose he told us was the only time for hard concentrated work from the model. After that the body drooped and lost life, and the rest of the hour should be more brain work and memory. One great artist, he said, had painted with his back to the model; Orchardson, I think. Another of Lasar's theories was that a standing figure should be drawn from the feet up, as a plant grows. Only in that way, he maintained, could you get spring into the pose and a right feeling for proportions. It was beginning at the head and working down that caused squatness and weight in a figure.

So, too, he wished us to draw with both hands, holding that it was the brain that really worked, controlling the hands and making them perfectly obedient to its direction.

Though the model was posed for eight hours each day, Lasar often suggested that a student should leave her painting and hie away to the Louvre or the Luxembourg, to study the masterpieces there, as better for the jaded eye than too long and intent work in the school. So we pored over the lovely groups of Andrea del Sarto, or 'Adrian,' as Lasar, called him for short; or the wonderful tones in Rembrandt's 'Supper at Emmaus,' where the white feet under the table gleam through the dark transparent shadow. A modern masterpiece we were sent to study was Manet's very immodest Olympe with her black attendant. It was a pleasant way of learning and kept alive one's interest.

Then there were the problems of artificial light and contrasting shadows. These one practised at home by the help of candles and mirror, and Lasar gave exhaustive criticisms on the work brought

him. Following out his precepts afterwards in a lamp-light portrait of myself, I triumphantly got hung in the Academy, and so realised one of my ambitions.

They were mostly Americans who studied under Lasar, and though we worked together, we always felt between us the curious bar that exists between the two races that are after all but one. All the other European folk seemed to me somehow more sympathetic than those of the U.S.A. Some of the girls were very pretty, all were smart and assured, but we went our separate ways out of class, and I prowled about Paris alone, discovering as I went.

Thus rambling, I came upon the Panthéon as a sort of splendid accident, and revelled in the work of Puvis de Chavanne there displayed. And always I loved the green corners with statues that one came on here and there; the bridges and the gardens; the old man surrounded by his tame sparrows, and the picturesque nurses with their cloaks and long bright streamers.

The sounds, too, of Paris had their charm, and I particularly liked the musical cry of the seller of green-stuff for cage-birds as it mounted to my room in the early morning; 'Mouron pour vos petits oiseaux.' I never forget the French for chickweed or the little tune of its seller.

Later on Lasar gave a show of his own work at his private house. They were small pictures, uniform in size, mostly English landscapes in subject. Rye had been one of his hunting-grounds, and the airy space of it showed well in the little square picture where sea-holly was the motive. Lasar's landscapes were like open windows on to lovely country, full of charm and character. He had many patrons among his own countrymen in Paris, and being the soul of business, he probably got good prices. It was with a wonderfully insinuating bird-like cock of the eye that Lasar informed an admiring client that a certain picture inquired for was still in the market.

At that time one of the leading American painters in Paris was Alexander Harrison, whose great sea-picture 'Le Grand Miroir' was hung in the Salon that summer. His studio was near Lasar's, with the same cobbled approach. A student friend of mine, who, like me, worked both at Colarossi's and Lasar's, was at this time badly bitten by the craze for bicycling then prevalent. She was a tall, dark girl of the Judith or Miriam type, not best suited by the knickerbocker attire as worn by the heroine in Wells's early work 'The Wheels of Chance.' However, neatly rigged out in this, she betook herself to a neighbouring concierge owning a 'bicyclette,' and earnestly besought him to lend her his machine whereon to

practise, she being at that elementary stage of the exercise when the mount has still to be mastered, the stage most fatal to the welfare of a bicycle. The concierge volubly protested that this practising would 'abîmer' his machine, but yielding at last to the urgency of my friend, he allowed the bicyclette to go forth to its fate.

A cobbled yard is not the ideal surface for a beginner to learn mounting on. I stood by while Miss Raphael vainly made essays to throw her leg across the bicyclette of the concierge again and again, and yet again. Finally I left her striving and went home. The sequel was told us the next morning.

My friend arrived in high glee.

'Aha!' she cried; 'guess who spoke to me yesterday.'

And all the students crowded round to know the reason of her exaltation.

'Alexander Harrison,' she cried triumphantly.

'Never!' enviously exclaimed a chorus of excited voices; for Alexander Harrison was not only a celebrated painter but a very smart man. 'How ever did it happen?'

It was the bicyclette of the concierge that had brought about this high honour. For when an hour or so of hard and wholly unsuccessful practice in mounting on the hopeless surface had gone by, the door of Alexander Harrison's studio had opened suddenly, and its occupant had issued forth, and strongly advised Miss Raphael to go home; which she meekly did.

It was a splendid episode, almost equivalent to an autograph letter. At least, that, happily, was how Miss Raphael took it, and nobody had the bad taste to point out any flaw in the encounter.

The two big shows that year were rather notably good, that in the Champs Elysées and the other in the Champ de Mars. This was the year of Dagnan Bouveret's great picture 'Le Cène,' a wonderfully spacious and arresting representation of a subject not to be attempted by any but the greatest master. The lighting of the Upper Room was its most striking feature, for the brilliant clear light emanated from the Figure of the Master of the Feast, and suffused everything. It was a very fine work in every respect, in spirit, in conception, and in technique. It was this last quality that Lasar bade us study. The Whistler system had in this masterpiece been so well maintained that we were told to go and observe how the pale yellow light shone through all the details and upon the faces turned towards their Lord, the Source of all light; the white cloth taking a primrose shade and the wine in the glass vessels glowing with the fiery crimson of a ruby.

That was the year, too, of Lavery's 'Portrait of a Lady in Black'; a thing he has surely never surpassed.

When the biting cold of early spring had passed I began to go about a little more and to make a few friends. One who was a fellow-worker with me at Colarossi's, Madame Darmestetter, asked me to tea, and it was at her house that I saw her friend, Madame Dieulafoie, wife of the famous explorer. When, after most of the party were assembled, the door opened, our hostess hastened to greet with an affectionate kiss an odd little gentleman, as I thought, in frock-coat and light trousers, high collar and flower in buttonhole, and carrying a shining top-hat. The little gentleman had a small high voice, and the kiss was explained when I found him to be a woman after all. In those days it was a daring and fearsome thing to don male attire, and the privilege was only granted by law to Mme. Dieulafoie as the wife of an explorer accompanying him on his travels. This was quite the earliest shingle I ever came across.

It was not in the Rue de Vaugirard that my lessons with Lasar were to end. For it was his custom to come to England in summer time and hold a class for landscape in some picturesque spot. So when my Paris days were ended, all too soon, and I had returned home to work out the theories that had then been so ably expounded, I heard one summer that Lasar was coming over to Ely in the Fens with his class. Thereupon I inquired for lodgings in the town, and betook myself there with paint-box, easel, and pleasant anticipations.

It was a beautiful place to choose, dominated by the pale-coloured cathedral, with its glowing jewel of a lantern. The willows by the river-side, the boats and the windmills, the long stretches of fen and field lent themselves delightfully to our brushes and paints. The weather was warm and balmy, and we sat out and painted what seemed good to us. Some ambitiously attacked the cathedral, or fine corners of it. I devoted myself to the pine end of the Cutter Inn, its hanging sign of a white-sailed boat on a blue sea, the holly-hock in front, and the small boys fishing from the garden wall, with a vista of green reflected in the water; and recorded it all in a quite pleasing little water-colour.

I also sketched a goat grazing in a green glade, and many rows of willows with morning or evening effects and due regard to *soupe*.

Lasar criticised these efforts of ours in a large boat-house to which we brought them one day in the week. Each work was in turn displayed, or rather exposed, on an easel and thoroughly pulled to pieces before the whole company. Quite often it was cheerily

guyed with the utmost vivacity, but when by so doing a great deal of priceless information was bestowed on all the class, nobody grudged Lasar his laugh or could help joining in it.

'The way you went at those cabbages!' he said to one of his victims. He waved his arms, kicked his legs about, and indicated a fire of enthusiasm and excitement. 'You saw splashes of colour all over 'em, and you laid it on like a rainbow. But it was only a field of cabbages after all.'

We were not spared, and the more we progressed, the harder he was on us, which was doubtless wholesome but not always cheering.

The flats of Ely had a charm all their own, and having my bicycle with me, I took long rides on the endless level roads; through the pretty village of Waterbeach and on to Cambridge; around the colleges and along the towing-path. It was all so English and so very unlike my own wild Welsh country.

For the most part the weather was hot and fine, but one afternoon a heavy shower overtook me on a soft Fen road, and I took shelter in a clump of willows until it subsided. Emerging, I remounted and proceeded towards Ely. Suddenly I found the air darkened by a cloud of flying specks of mud, the bicycle slowed and slowed, and finally altogether refused.

A curious thing had happened. The dark stoneless earth getting wet, became of a clay-like consistency, and had wrapped itself round the rubber of the tyres so as to make them too thick to revolve. There was nothing for it but to get off and carry the wretched thing as best I could. And weary work it was. Then high on a raised dyke and silhouetted against the sky, I saw the unmistakable figure of Lasar. He at the same time perceived me on the lower road and my difficult plight. Like a knight-errant he descended from his eminence, and came to my help. Taking out his knife, he proceeded to cut off the caking mud, fore and aft, until at last the 'wheels went wound' again and, reaching the upper road, I could ride home.

After the lessons at Ely I saw no more of Lasar, either in England or in the Rue de Vaugirard, but heard some years later that he had abandoned teaching and entered as a student at one of the ateliers of Paris. So, following in the footsteps of Browning's Grammarian,

Still before living he'd learn how to live,
No end of learning.

It is the able teacher who knows how to learn and can never learn enough.

AN ABORTIVE REPUBLIC.

If one glances at the map of South America, it will be seen that, following the coast-line from Cayenne down towards the Equator, there is no town indicated until the island of Maraca is reached. Passing the mouths of the rivers Oyapok and Cachipour, one comes to the Counani, the mouth of which is marked by a conical hill known as Mt. Mayé. This stretch of coast, as indeed all the shore of the Atlantic from the Orinoco to the Amazon, was known to the geographers of the sixteenth century as the 'Wilde Coast.' And indeed at this day the name is not unsuitable. For anything I know to the contrary, when I first set foot on land at the mouth of the Counani River I was the first Englishman who had done so since one of Raleigh's captains had taken possession of it by 'turf, twig and tree' for the British Crown.

The voyage along the coast had been a most tedious one, head winds having been the order of the day, and we had been very glad when the Captain had made his landfall and anchored some four miles off shore. The outlook in the morning was not encouraging—a waste of coffee-coloured water heaving and tossing in a nasty tide-rip and nothing to be seen of land but the sugar-loaf shaped Mt. Mayé, the coast-line being extremely flat and low-lying. It may be as well to go back to the events which had led up to the expedition I am about to speak of.

Certain financiers in London had been persuaded to take an interest in the fortunes of a number of French gentlemen who had conceived the idea of founding a republic in the debatable land lying between French Guiana and Brazil, known as the 'Contested Territory.' In return for the sinews of war in the shape of money they were to receive certain monopolies and concessions, timber and mining rights and so on. It was considered advisable, however, to send out a preliminary expedition to 'make look, see': not that the *bona fides* of the originators of the scheme was in doubt; but that it was possible that their enthusiasm had led them to take too optimistic a view. The idea of this republic, or 'État libre de Counani,' as it was termed, originated apparently with a certain M. Guigues, a man of superabundant energy who had travelled much and who had lately visited the contested territory and had

made friends of the natives of Counani who had represented themselves as desirous of being acknowledged by France, if not as a part of French Guiana, then as an independent state under French protection. Guigues soon found adherents to his propaganda in Paris, and so eventually a President *in posse* for the projected republic was found in the person of M. Jules Gros, a mild-mannered *littérateur* of advanced age—much too advanced for such an adventure. A Cabinet was formed with M. Guigues as premier and Messrs. Renaudin and Fontaine and others as ministers. The president-elect instituted an order with a decoration called 'L'Étoile de Counani' which it is to be feared added to the gaiety of at least one nation. Guigues' campaign in Paris was considerably aided by a recently published book by a M. Coudreau.

This was a brilliant, flamboyant dissertation, full of that word-painting to which the genius of the French language so easily lends itself. He painted a land where it was always summer, if not always afternoon. In the foreground of his pictures he sketched in graceful palms and glowing orchids, birds of gay plumage and all the kindly fruits of the earth, and over all the shimmering haze of gold. He spoke of people yearning for progress under the tricolor, longing for the *patrie*, and determined to form a republic of their own under the kindly aegis of the one and indivisible. Here were stalwart men and beautiful women with a church but no priest, children but no schools. Carried away by his enthusiasm and his day-dreams, he forgot the muddy river and the scorching savanna, the annual *vomito* and the malaria, the mosquitos and the sand-flies, the pungent tafia and the escaped recidivists of Cayenne.

One is inclined to wonder if it was not this optimistic work of Coudreau which infected the London syndicate with enthusiasm. Be that as it may, it is certain that its members did not lose sight of the practical aspects of the affair, and so they secured the services of a reliable agent in Mr. Macdonald, who had been with the column which set out to Khartoum too late for the relief of Gordon. It was to be his duty to investigate and report upon the possibilities of the country and the political position from the point of view of international law.

With him in the first expedition went Messrs. Guigues, Renaudin, and Fontaine, with the writer as a volunteer and, from the political standpoint, a mere looker on.

The nearest point to the contested territory on the route of the West India Royal Mail steamers was Georgetown, the capital of

British Guiana, and from there it was necessary to obtain some means of conveyance down the coast for over three hundred miles. Here was where I came in useful, and, after vainly endeavouring to secure a suitable steamer, I managed, with the approval of Mr. Macdonald, to charter a long, low, black schooner of most piratical appearance. She had been a United States Revenue Cutter in her palmy days and was now engaged in the inter-island passenger trade. She was Baltimore clipper-built and had four good staterooms as well as a small saloon; but, oh, she did smell of *bouquet d'Afrique*! The charter-party ratified by the high contracting powers, I set a gang of men to work with carbolic acid and soap and gave the cabins of the *J. L. Thomas*, for that was her name, such a scouring out as she had never yet seen.

We stored the schooner with provisions of all kinds, not forgetting a fairly complete equipment of medical stores for the treatment of fevers and dysentery, the diseases most to be apprehended. The preparation and victualling of the *J. L. T.* excited some lively curiosity, and there was some betting, I was told, as to whether the Governor, Lord Gormanston, would not put an embargo on the vessel. I believe that, had he known what we had in the big packing cases from London, he would have prevented us from leaving. However, we got off all right and beat out of the Demerara river into blue water. Our course was at first E. and then ESE. and at this time of year, August, we had to beat to windward all the way. This was weary work and sometimes we were becalmed. A change had come over two of our French friends, Guigues and Fontaine. They had become gloomy and reserved. There was an air of mystery about their solemn confabulations which seemed to drive Macdonald into a frenzy of nervousness. Renaudin seemed ill at ease too, and at length confided in me that Fontaine had something up his sleeve and was trying to win Guigues over, having unsuccessfully tried with him, Renaudin.

Guigues soon after told me that he was suffering from symptoms which seemed to require immediate treatment; so I suggested to Macdonald that we should put in to Paramaribo, in Dutch Guiana. Arrived there, I took M. Guigues to see the resident surgeon at the hospital, Dr. Spitzely, who recommended an operation. I advised Mr. Macdonald to arrange for Guigues' treatment in the hospital paying ward and to leave Fontaine to look after his friend, on whose recovery they could both follow on and meet us at Counani.

And well it was for us that things had fallen out so, for no

sooner had we set foot on French soil in Cayenne than a police official came to look for Macdonald. Fortunately Macdonald was not on the spot, so I, scenting mischief, made tracks for Government House and asked to see the Governor. I was politely received by M. Gerville Reache, with whom I am happy to say I was afterwards on friendly terms. I told the Governor that Mr. Macdonald and myself were on our way to the contested territory with a view to making a report to certain English capitalists as to its possibilities, and that we did not intend to interfere in matters of international politics, and, whatever Mr. Macdonald's sealed orders may have been, I outlined a policy which I meant to urge him to adopt unless we wished to see what a French Guiana prison was like from the inside. I had foreseen all this, and my conversations with Renaudin had only strengthened my opinion. Renaudin gave his allegiance to this policy of non-interference, and when Macdonald's eyes were opened to the real facts of the case, he also gladly agreed, and went with me to see the Governor, who was most friendly and promised in case we were molested that he would send down the gunboat *Oyapok*, the *stationnaire* at Cayenne. I found that it had been the intention of M. Gerville Reache to have arrested the whole expedition had Guigues and Fontaine landed with us at Cayenne, but it is pretty certain that Fontaine would never have allowed us to put in at that port if he could have prevented it, and so he brought pressure on Guigues to that effect.

Leaving Cayenne, we entered on the last stage of our journey and beat up the coast in very dirty weather. Captain Porter, the skipper of the *J. L. Thomas*, was a black man, a native, I believe, of St. Eustatius. He was a thorough sailor, and though he knew nothing of mathematics, he could make by dead reckoning and rule of thumb as good a land-fall as one could desire. He had never been on that coast before, and I do not suppose any craft even as large as the *J. L. T.* had anchored off the Counani River since 'Captain Fisher at Robert Harcourt's desire put in to visit Leonard Regapo who had been with Raleigh in England.' But Captain Porter found the conical mountain which marks the mouth of the river without a mistake. I should mention that on leaving Cayenne we passed the little island of Connétable, which was being worked for phosphates with Barbadian labour by an American company. The island was administered as a ship, and the labourers were not allowed ashore on the mainland until the expiration of the time for which they had signed on. Raleigh said of it, 'The 13 I sett saile along the coast

and anchored that night neere an Ilande wher there were so many burds as they killed them with staves ; there growes uppon it those trees which bear the great coddos of hereculla silk.' (This was the silk cotton tree or ceiba.)

Besides Connétable, we passed the islands of le Père, la Mère, le Malingre and l'Enfant perdu. On sighting the cone-shaped mountain Mt. Mayé, which was our landmark, Captain Porter stood in cautiously with a leadsman in the chains and let go his anchor about four miles from shore. That night the *J. L. T.* excelled herself. She rolled and pitched until she nearly shook the sticks out of her. Everyone was sick except those jovial Barbadian negroes, the crew, whose stomachs seemed to be of cast iron. I made a vow to get even with them, and I did eventually.

At daybreak came Macdonald with the information that Captain Porter said he was not going to remain there until his masts were knocked out of him, and that if someone did not go and find the mouth of the river he would up anchor and 'bout ship. 'Well,' asked I mildly, 'why do you not go?' Macdonald explained that he was feeling far from well, and that Renaudin was dead to the world with seasickness, and implored me to go. I felt so frightfully sick myself that it did not seem to matter what happened, so I heaved a sigh of resignation and stumbled up on deck. Such a welter of water, brown with yeast-topped waves—nothing to be seen but a drear desert of *café-au-lait* in a state of wild commotion. I should not have thought it was possible to launch a boat; but it was done all right, and I was lowered down and deftly caught by the crew. In less than two minutes we could only see the rigging of the schooner from time to time, and in less than five minutes our rudder was lifted clear and whirled away in the yeasty turmoil. However, I managed to keep the boat's nose in the right direction by word of mouth, and my crew of four stout Barbadians pulled manfully. Then the water became smother and I was able to make out through my binoculars a small palm-roofed shed or what looked like one. Keeping the boat straight for that as an objective, about an hour's pull brought us to the mouth of a river, and we found that the roof was that of a shed or benab erected by the fishermen who landed here to cure their catch of gilbacker, or, as they call it, machoiran. We spied a man and a boy who bolted incontinently, but none of my brave crew would land, so I jumped ashore while they held off and waited to see what would happen. The man who had bolted came back as soon as he saw that I was

alone, and we started a conversation in a sort of mixed lingo of French and Portuguese. The end of it was that he consented for a consideration to go off to the schooner with the boat and guide the Captain in if he would come. I sent by him a letter to Macdonald asking him to send Renaudin and the mate and three men back to me with a supply of provisions, including a demijohn of rum and one of claret, and I would make a reconnaissance of the village. The party was to be armed in case a rival party should be in possession and interfere with us. Meantime, I waited in the shelter of the palm-thatched shed ; but I was soon to have company. Not long after the boat was out of sight I espied a curious craft coming down over the bar of the river. She was sloop-rigged, rather clumsily built, and very square at the stern, locally known as a tapouyé, and on board of her was a crowd of people evidently wildly excited and gazing first at the schooner lying off shore and then at the unexpected apparition of myself. Thinking it was better to take the bull by the horns and investigate the cause of all this hullabaloo, I intimated to the copper-skinned youth who had been left behind with me that he should convey me on board the tapouyé in his canoe. This was a woodskin (made of bark), and being loaded with the two of us, there was just about half an inch of free-board. I felt that if I winked an eye she would go over, and as there were several ominous-looking black fins cutting the water here and there the prospect was not soothing. However, I climbed up the sides of the crowded vessel and immediately spotted a singular figure as the *chef d'œuvre* of the artistic collection I saw before me. He was a negro of enormous width whose squat frame was clad in a suit of pyjamas made of curtain chintz of a wealth of colour and boldness of design calculated to make the eyes water.

Opening his capacious mouth with a friendly smile, he remarked in patois 'Bo' jour, monsieur, mo' q'u' aller à Cayenne,' at the same time handing me a silver snuff-box with the grace of a Georgian beau. This was no less a person than Trajane Supriane Benito, the French captain of the river, a commission which he held from the Governor of French Guiana. Now M. Gerville Reache had mentioned this same Trajane, and to him I repeated much I had told the Governor. Then the cat was out of the bag with a vengeance. It transpired that Trajane and this tapouyé-load of fair women and brave men were on their way to Cayenne to protest formally against being made into a state against their will and to

abjure Jules Gros, Guigues, and all their works, especially Guigues. If Guigues came there, boiling oil would be a mere circumstance, and much to that effect. Matters being somewhat cleared up, and it having through the medium of Trajane been pointed out to the alarmed passengers that the schooner in the offing was not the naval force covering the landing of an invading foe, we proceeded to make friends, ratifying matters by means of some excellent brandy, of which, fortunately, I had a huge flask full. We then adjourned ashore for breakfast, the *pièce de résistance* of which was a recently caught puppy shark. He was delicious; but what a sauce is hunger! As soon as there was enough water the tapouyé departed for Cayenne with many expressions of mutual esteem.

By the way, Trajane had very kindly placed his home at our disposal, pointing out with conscious pride that it was the only two-storey house in the town and had real glass windows. Soon after the departure of the sloop, the boat party arrived in charge of the mate with Renaudin, his eyes glittering with excitement and his broad face one beam of gladness at getting off that thrice-accursed schooner; for poor Renaudin was emphatically not a good sailor. All were armed with Colt's lightning carbines from the mysterious chest, and we had also a supply of signal rockets. The tide was still making; so after a careful inspection of the boat and a comparison of the articles therein with my list we started for the village, our native guide with his son leading the way in his canoe. Night fell as we arrived at the landing-place, and we found instead of four to five hundred people a deserted village. There was not even a dog to be seen. However, as the objective was a two-storey house, and as there was only one such house, we made a bee-line for that and occupied it as per invitation. The next step after bringing up the load from the boat was to send out our native guide to find some of the villagers who had taken to the bush and tell them of my meeting with Trajane and our peaceful intentions. Soon they sauntered in by twos and threes with a carefully assumed air of inconsequence as if they had been for a casual stroll. This is where those demi-johns of rum and wine came in. Friendship was soon established, and what Renaudin and I could not do with our French was completed by Manny, our Portuguese interpreter, whom we had brought from Demerara. As the rum and the wine flowed and the pipes and cigarettes of peace were smoked, we became quite a popular institution, and so Renaudin and I considered that we might in the morning send the boat back to the schooner along with a tapouyé

to transport the bulk of the stores and the generalissimo. Our Barbadians seeing that there was to be no fighting now entered into the spirit of the joke and conceived that they were having a high old time.

We found that we could obtain a house near the church which had been allotted to the priest when one used to come from Cayenne from time to time. This house occupied an excellent strategic position, being situated by itself on a bluff which overlooked the river for some distance both up and down stream. We found an excellent carpenter in the person of a murderer who had escaped from Cayenne. This man, called Jean of Bourbon, was most useful to me all the time I was there, and I never had a complaint against him until he tried to execute a clever little plan to finish me off and get away to Para with the cash-box. But bad habits are so persistent.

The cottage, which I rented for thirty francs a month from its owner, possessed a large living room and an inner room intended for use in the rainy season, and which made a safe store-room, with a serviceable kitchen outside. I had that cottage well swept and scrubbed and ordered Jean, the assassin, to put it in thorough repair, and then, as the kitchen looked lonely, I caused search to be made for a cook. I secured a beauty. She was black and as broad as she was long. She must have weighed 18 stone ; but she had a smile like an angel. We called her Maman. By evening we were ready for the reception of the generalissimo, and sure enough he arrived before dark seated in great state in the stern of the tapouyé, which itself was loaded with barrels of flour and peas, and pork and beef, cases of wine, beer, and whisky, hundreds of what our American friends call 'canned goods,' from sardines to mixed biscuits—a most ghastly assortment—and such odds and ends as fireworks, candles, garden-seeds and drugs, trade guns and cheap watches, gun-powder and bolts of dungaree and calico as well as a good supply of sawn boards and scantling. These latter were what I had been waiting for, and with the aid of the bloodstained Jean we soon had a ceiling cloth up in our living room as well as a tasteful border of blue dungaree. We had ample space for the hammocks and their nettings, and a long, broad shelf along the inner wall made an excellent dining-table. A very excellent travelling canteen of Silver's gave us our dishes and cutlery, and so we were not so badly fixed up. But the mosquitos ! I will spare the reader a description of the horrors suffered from these and the sandflies.

On the arrival of Mr. Macdonald the leading inhabitants asked us to meet them in the church, a roomy building with adobe walls and a palm-thatched roof. Owing to the absence of Trajane and his friends, the Brazilian part was in force nearly equal to the French, and Cabral, who was evidently its leader, made an impassioned speech, producing from somewhere about his person a Brazilian flag and waving it defiantly. Explanations were made through our Portuguese interpreter to the effect that we had no political designs ; but, none the less, the Brazilian factor retired up river in great dudgeon.

I think it only wanted this to convince Macdonald that the republic was 'off.' At any rate he left in a few days for Georgetown, and on his arrival there he sent back to England poor M. Gros and his entourage, who had constituted a nine days' wonder for the population of the capital of British Guiana.

It was, I think, this same Señor Cabral who, some two or three years later, captured Trajane at Carsavenne and took him to Mapa Grande, where he was kept a prisoner. The French Government sent down two gunboats and a force of marines to rescue him ; but the expedition ended in a tragedy. When the French troops landed at Mapa, they found the village apparently deserted and the windows of the houses shuttered. As the commanding officer, marching in front of his men, halted in the middle of the plaza, Cabral came out of a house and walked to meet him. The officer, holding his revolver in his right hand, touched the Brazilian on the shoulder with his left, saying 'Vous êtes mon prisonnier.' Whereupon Cabral snatched the revolver from his hand and shot him through the heart with his own weapon.

This was the signal for every window to open, and the French 'Infanterie de la Marine' were swept by a withering fire from the concealed Brazilians. After this incident the delimitation of the boundary was made the subject of arbitration.

T. S. HARGREAVES.

A DISCORD OF BELLS.

THE road from the village goes steep down into a valley and climbs out of it again, but is saved the trouble of going more than half-way up the farther hill for, in mid-career, it arrives at the church, its sole and only destination ; a devout road, indeed, for if you set out upon it you cannot go astray, but are led straight to the lych-gate, in front of which is a wide grass space, where, as you may fancy, the road turns itself round to take you back again to the village at what time you desire to go there. The church is a mile and more from the village, not conveniently situated for its inhabitants, but very convenient for the Manor House, which lies in a park hard by ; and, after all, it was the manor folk who in ages past built the church and caused the village to be, so let them have on wet days the privilege of a short walk. And on fine days let the village folk enjoy the privilege of the longer walk across the valley. The church itself is appended to a tower, squat, massive, and windowless except for a small belfry-opening. Many-stepped angular buttresses give the tower an aspect of great solidity ; it is surmounted by a low, broad steeple, and there is no parapet or battlement, so that the whole has the appearance of a sturdy man, aloof and mysterious, with a hat pulled down hard on to his forehead. It would be impossible to tell what that tower might be thinking of, had it human thoughts as well as human appearance. It is imperturbable, reticent, not very affable nor very emotional ; births, baptisms, deaths and marriages, upheavals, revolutions, revivals, and blasphemies stir it not. It is, however, surly, loyal to the church to which it is affixed ; it respects and protects the graves which lie about it. It looks over the trees to the pastures, to the threaded hop-poles, to the orchards lime-washed now and white as mists in the valleys, and in those things it takes an interest. Yet somehow, though you might trust and admire, it you would never get to love that tower.

To-day to the tower much honour is being done, for an exceptionally large number of people are coming up the road on this hot April day to a service which is to consecrate the bells now re-cast and re-hung. But the tower seems even more reserved than usual and to have pulled its steeple even lower on to its head ;

it has no vanity, takes no notice of the glances thrown at it : even if it could it would tell no tales of how its bells rang James out and William in, rejoiced for coronations and victories, sounded alarms, and mourned for lords of manors, and for many persons great and small, odd and interesting, for it is not given to reminiscence, being, as I have said, reserved and gruff. Indeed it seems to have no pride in its bells, but rather to scorn all this commotion, as if it would say, 'As for such music, best wait for the trump of Judgment or for the bells of the Celestial City—that is, if you think you are ever likely to hear them.' Meanwhile it looks over the tops of the trees and observes that this season the fruit is late; looks down at the graves and lapses into unfathomable meditation.

There are three bells, and one bears the inscription : 'Robert Higden Made Mee 1677 : John Shotleet : William Ovenden Churchwardens.' As for John and William, there is not much to say of them ; their charming vanity, so pardonable as to be praiseworthy, has won them a mortal immortality, for their memory, though it nowhere else abides, is securely fastened round the edge of the bell and their names daily reverberate, their names alone saved from oblivion by the chance of a bell-hanging. There is not, indeed, much more to be said of Robert Higden, were it not that somehow he grows in the imagination and develops identity and personality ; it cannot be guessed why, unless it be that it is, after all, a greater thing to have made a bell than to have been churchwarden when it was made. As we came up the road and through the lych-gate the bells were plainly saying with their three notes : 'Robert Hig/den made me/Rob made me/Bob made me.' But come now, not so much of the bells ! the service is beginning, for the choir clatter up the aisle and divide into their places while the organ plays something indefinite. There is stained glass in the east window, something designed for our edification, but we cannot help but see that there is in it a chaos of pink mountains and blue grass and figures ridiculously undivine. Fortunately the windows in the side walls are not for our edification, but are of plain glass, and through them you may see far hills dim in warm mist, and sun-bright fields, and, upon my soul ! the first bee and the first butterfly of the year, occupying themselves with such assurance that there might never have been a winter nor a time when bees and butterflies were dispensed with. And you can see the trees swaying sleepily as they are rocked by that rhythmic cradle-breeze which presses gently and evenly against your face for a moment, then is

gone, but again at intervals repeats its delicate touch. The choir are singing now, and singing well. If you choose to be critical you may say that sometimes their voices, like sheep startled on a road, scramble and scurry and tread on each other; you may observe one who twists his head as if it were a screw with which to uncork his voice, which, when uncorked, is sprayed about by the same wagglings of the head. As for me I am not critical, being at the moment far too content. Moreover, if it comes to a struggle between bad music and the Psalms the latter will win. It is to be read in a fairy story how once an ugly creature attacked a noble and beautiful enchantress, but she merely touched him with her wand, whereupon he turned into a tolerably handsome prince; so do the Psalms touch music. Moreover, one boy has a voice, uncertain indeed, but for the most part strong, clear, and rich, and it seems to touch that landscape beyond the windows into a gentleness more than of a summer day, and to spread upon the hills a mist which half-veils something more than a mere English down. There is a sense that over the horizon is not so much the gorgeous-built City of God as celestial villages and fields well sown for harvests of all content.

'Rob Hig-den': a concept of him flits and flutters about the church, a concept which is really no more than a wonderment as to what he might be, coloured by glimpses here and there of a man of large build, sociable but not self-revealing, quietly humorous, somewhat stout, bright-eyed, and always wearing broad shoes, grey stockings and dark blue cloth. Further details elude one as the butterfly escapes the hat; I cannot name his village, nor estimate his skill; cannot see him sitting in the inn nor see him walking in the street, nor see his home, nor learn his opinion of men and matters, nor in the least account for the desire in myself to know these things. Sometimes one is about to fix him down to an ale-bench or meet him face to face in the road, when suddenly all is gone again, absorbed into the old carved beams of the roof or gone quite away through the windows into the landscape beyond. Now a man is reading from 'The Revelation,' prosaically enough and with some pride at being the person of the moment, but I am grateful to him for not trying to read 'beautifully' with oratorical tricks, pompous embellishments and endeavours after effects. The mind, like the eye, can simultaneously take note of big things and small: I doubt whether his brown boots ought to be so light in colour; probably if one wears brown boots while

reading the Bible they ought to be of the colour of the leather binding of an old book ; but I reflect at the same time upon the enormous greatness of the literature he is now reading. Our English Bible grew like a tree ; it was not a very shapely thing at first and the virtue of its sap uncertain, but successive translators tended it lovingly, grafting the language of their own times on to the old literary stock so that there was development but no change that was not fitting, until, early in the seventeenth century, the tree grew to its full stature and was in the June leaf of its beauty. A fresh wind blows always through the tree, moving its stately boughs and rustling its leaves to an infinity of tunes.

How fortunate that Heaven ordained 1611 for the year of the accumulated translation of the Bible ! Suppose that the Authorised Version had appeared in 1770, say, or in 1909—that is a curious and terrible thought ! But in 1611 it was very difficult to write bad prose or to maltreat good prose ; bad verse was possible then as always, but in prose if a man simply said what he wanted to say the great vehicle of the language carried him magnificently along secure from jolts of bathos and ruts of discord. In a church not far from this one are two brasses, both of the year 1616—that too is an odd thought, that those two obscure persons and Shakespeare all tumbled into eternity in the same month : had any of them in their mortal speculations hit near the mark ? On one the epitaph is in verse :

‘Vertue’s bud and Bewty’s flow’r
Both fall’n together in an untimely hour,’

than which one could hardly find two lines worse ; on the other in prose : ‘His life was godly and his death answerable.’ In that is brevity, dignity, and rhythm. In 1770, could they have brought themselves to such conciseness, they would have said, ‘After adorning life with charity he made a pious exit.’ In 1909 they would have quoted two of the worst lines from the worst hymn.

I daresay that for the most part the congregation accept the flaming visions of St. John in much the same way as they accept the polished yellow pews, the parson, the roof, and the glass windows ; they are all part of the fittings of the church. I daresay they do not feel at how wonderful an athletic feat they are assisting—their mother tongue carrying the weightiest and profoundest thoughts with such dignity, grace, and ease that there comes to one’s mind the comparison of an engine drawing its train along swiftly, stately,

and without strain or effort, or of any thing or person doing anything arduous with energy and facility. But who am I to speak of those whose thoughts are not to the point, I whose thoughts are wandering as much and as vainly as that first butterfly in the sun outside! Bob Higden. Now the special part of the service for the sacring of the bells begins; the choir troop down to a place under the tower; some prayers are said—beautiful ones; then we sing some hymns containing the same matter as the prayers, but blotting and blearing it with nonsense, hypocrisy, and gaudy sentiment; I seem to hear the tower grumbling ‘False senti/ment, false sent/iment, false/sentiment.’ And now a pause while the bells are ceremoniously rung. Mr. Blank, Mr. Hank, and Mr. Dank heave severally on the three ropes, which wag joyfully like dogs’ tails. The bells re-made give out their mended sounds: ‘Three Blind Mice/Three Blind Mice/Three Blind Mice.’ I do not know how, whether by impishness on the part of Bob Higden or by cynicism on the part of the tower, but that is certainly what the bells say clearly and emphatically. There is no malice or irreverence in the sounds, they simply come forth so, impartially, undogmatically, sleepily. Unshocked and calmly we go out into the churchyard, into the warmth and sunshine. It may be so, Bob Higden, that we are all blind mice in a world of cracked bells, cracked voices, cracked people, and cracked philosophies, but I am not to be disturbed by that just now, being full of great contentment and charity. A uniformity of charm is in this diversity of people who go back now to the village; the stinging-nettles by the road are as admirable as the daffodils in the fields; there is nothing without good significance; see the folk stirring up the dust on the road as children stir with their toes the sand on a warm sea-beach. Old Tower! whose eyes, expressionless, and without emotion follow us down the road, there is nowhere for these few hours any trace of the sorrow or wisdom of the world, nothing but a bee-like rambling from light thought to thought lighter still, nothing but a glorious lethargy of merely liking everything which is around.

L. RICE-OXLEY.

AUSTIN DOBSON: SOME LETTERS FROM
HIS FRIENDS.

BY ALBAN DOBSON.

II. 1878-1884.

THE year 1878 saw the appearance of a second edition of 'Proverbs in Porcelain,' a somewhat scarce volume, I may say, on account of the fact that a fire at the publisher's destroyed a large portion of the edition. The reception of a copy by T. B. Aldrich, the American poet, moved him to write at length on April 26, 1878:

'I have been absent from home the last three weeks. On returning yesterday I found your "Proverbs in Porcelain": I do not know how long the book has been waiting for its welcome. I hastened to read it, and hasten now to tell you how charming I find it all. Those miniature comedies which occupy the first thirty pages are exquisite, with their freshness and delicacy and scholarly flavour; and I do not see how anything of the kind can come nearer perfection than "The Idyll of the Carp." That and the lyric on page 78¹—very touching it is—seem to me the choicest poems in the collection. The whole volume is worthy of its beautiful typography. By the way, why do you write *chalet* with the circumflex accent? English and American printers *always* put in that accent; but it is incorrect. You will not find *châlet* in any French author, poet or lexicographer. If you can, I shall owe an abject apology to *my* printer, who, on a recent occasion, was so sure of himself that he corrected my corrections and caused me to say *châlet* throughout "The Queen of Sheba." Speaking of my novelette, our journals here are making merry over a slip—a decided tumble indeed—of one of Mr. Tennyson's "indolent reviewers." I enclose you two of the laughs² which a correspondent has just sent me. It is fortunate for New England authors that they are not obliged to depend on *The Saturday Review* or English criticism generally for appreciation. With very few exceptions, it is only our fourth-rate writers who make popular successes in England—Artemus Ward, Joaquin Miller, &c. Can you explain

¹ 'The Cradle.'

² These were cuttings containing a reference to a *Saturday Review* critic who had described Mr. Aldrich's *Queen of Sheba*, a prose work, as 'not worse than the average of contemporary poetry.'

it?—men who are not successes in their own land. In point of critical penetration I think America sets England an example. We take none but England's best. Of course there is a market in this country for those litters of blind novels of which England seems so prolific; but the English authors who rank highest in Boston and New York are the men and women who rank highest in London and Edinburgh. Pray believe me, I am not making a personal protest, though I have all the air of doing so; I claim nothing whatever for myself, but I claim everything in the way of recognition for the conscientious and severe literary art which has a home in the United States. Now that Sainte-Beuve is dead, who can write so delightfully about "French Poets and Novelists" as Henry James, Jr. ? (Macmillan & Co.) How admirable, though in a lesser degree, is Mr. Stedman's "Victorian Poets"—which work, by the by, illustrates what I have said touching American appreciation of English writers. The book was the outgrowth of the popular catholic sentiment. Mr. Stedman could not have produced those Essays in a different atmosphere any more than he could grow palm trees at the North Pole. They were not the result of his individual tastes and studies; they were mostly due to the rare intellectual air which is to be breathed in literary circles here. We have ten or twenty men who are scarcely heard of in England but who are a thousand times superior to the Millers and the Wards that have found favour there. Mr. Howells, the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, is almost wholly unknown across the water; when the English critics speak of him—as has chanced once or twice—they misspell his name. Yet Mr. Howells is master of a prose style so fine and pure and luminous that, speaking of it merely as *style*, it can be justly praised only at the expense of every other man who writes English. Please read his "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," and "A Foregone Conclusion" if you think me extravagant. He has not Hawthorne's depth, but he has more than Hawthorne's finish. He ought to occupy in English esteem the place which was given to Washington Irving who was nothing else than an imitation of Goldsmith and the earlier English essayists. That coals should be imported in Newcastle! Let me send you over ten or twelve American Tennysons!—years ago I might have sent myself with the lot. Or shall it be one of our female Swinburnes?

"What is it ails me that I should sing of her?"

The Queen of the flashes and flames that were!

Yea, I have felt the shuddering sting of her,

The flower-sweet throat and the hands of her!"

"'God bless us every one!' said Tiny Tim."

Now, my dear Mr. Dobson, if I have not succeeded in tiring you I have succeeded in tiring myself, and, what is worse, have left unsaid all that I wished to say. You were very kind to add that paragraph about the little violinist ;¹ but it was not necessary. Your poem was thoroughly original, and stood in no need of explanation. The snapping of the violin string in the darkness is a touch of real pathos.

'In your note long ago you asked me if your poems were known in this country outside of that narrow circle of readers who are familiar with all English books. It gives me great pleasure to be able to say that your lyrics when they appear in the magazines are always extensively quoted by our best newspapers, just as Mr. Locker's are. I have been trying to induce Messrs. Roberts Bros. (the Boston publishers of Wm. Morris, the Rossettis, Swinburne, Hamerton, Ingelow, &c.) to reprint your two volumes, or at least such a selection from the "Vignettes" and the "Proverbs" as would be adapted to the American market. I say *induce*, because it is neither agreeable nor profitable to reprint a volume and have some disreputable publisher put forth a cheaper edition the instant one's venture looks like a success. Then at present the book-trade with us is stagnant—as it must also be in England, with the war-cloud hanging over all. However, I hope to arrange the matter for you by and by, if you will permit me.

'Can you not send me a short original lyric—one of those comedies, if you please—for a volume of original anonymous poems ("No Name Poems") which Roberts Bros. are to publish this summer or autumn? Several of our best poets have contributed poems, and on your side Jean Ingelow, the two Rossettis, Morris, Swinburne, Marston, Marzials and I know not whom. Roberts Bros. pay magazine prices for contributions, and I am certain they would be delighted to get one of your graceful lyrics. If I were acquainted with Mr. Locker I would apply to him. The book—with which, *en passant*, I have nothing to do; Mr. G. P. Lathrop, a son-in-law of Hawthorne, is the editor—will probably attract a good deal of attention. It belongs to a series of volumes² which have met with large sales because they were all excellent and *anonymous*.

'Please pardon this rambling letter.'

I do not think that this interesting letter needs any elucidation or comment beyond mention of the fact that (as already indicated in the earlier article) it was not until 1880 that my father's first

¹ The allusion is to the poem 'The Child Musician.'

² As a P.S.: 'They set every one to guessing as to their authorship and so won many more readers than they would probably have gained with the writers' names on the title-page. It was a very shrewd experiment; but would have failed anywhere but in a nation of *guessers*.'

volume of poems, 'Vignettes in Rhyme' (with an introduction by Edmund Clarence Stedman) appeared in America. It was followed in 1885 by 'At the Sign of the Lyre,' but neither of these volumes were quite the same, as to their contents, as their English counterparts.

In my earlier paper I have alluded to 'The Curé's Progress.' It was evidently being quoted here and there, for on May 2, 1878, Oliver Wendell Holmes writes :

'About a month ago I found in one of our Boston papers a little poem entitled "The Curé's Progress." It was signed "Austin Dobson" and it reminded me how much pleasure I had had from other poems of yours, recalling as it did very forcibly, their grace, their charming liveliness, all that made those other poems so attractive. I must have told you the great pleasure I received from them. I could not get the Curé's Progress out of my head, and I had been talking about it ever since I read it—two or three days, that is—when your volume came with the kindly autograph on a blank leaf which gives it a special value.

'I should have thanked you before this, but I determined not to do it until I had read every poem in the book, and I happened to be very busy at the time I received it.

'Well, now I have read them all, and I can only repeat what I have already said about the other poems. We all have our fancies, and I like "The Ballad of Beau Brocade" as well as any of those of its class. You study the ways of the time you are writing about and reproduce them after a very natural fashion. I can see there is more *work* in your little volume—work, whether done expressly for the poems or not—than some of your readers will suspect.

'Do not think that while I am amused by your playful verse, I overlook the true poetical character of the exquisitely finished "Case of Cameos" or the Spenser-like "Prayer of the Swine to Circe." I saw at the Philadelphia Exposition the wonderful picture which must, I think, have suggested your fine poem.

'And now let me thank you most heartily for the little volume of delightful verse, and for your autograph message which comes with it. I had one of the kindest of letters the other day, too, from your friend Mr. Locker. O if I could set my foot once more on the dear soil of England from which so many even affectionate words have reached me.'

A copy of 'Proverbs in Porcelain' evidently went to C. S. Calverley, who sends a characteristic acknowledgment dated May 13, 1878.

'I have been out of Town, as I hope you concluded, and consequently have only just got your book and letter for both of which I thank you much. It was most kind of you to send me the book and I am sure that reading it will be a great pleasure to me—I hope to devote myself to its study this evening, aided by a pipe.'

'Proverbs in Porcelain' also drew from W. E. Henley a further letter (dated May 31, 1878) in the correspondence which continued for so many years:

'I have read thro' "Proverbs in Porcelain" with a very great deal of pleasure. I am not sure (you will forgive my saying so) that I think your alterations always happy; but of course you know better far than I what is right and what is wrong. I think the "Ballade of the Armada" quite unimpeachable as it stands; but tho' I like the Bandusian fount, I confess to a regret for that which it has replaced.

'You told me that in all probability you would end by suppressing the rondels, with a single exception. And, if you will allow me to say so, I think that you will be wise in doing so.

'Please do not forget your promise and when you have a minute to spare, for charity bestow it on me. I am at the office from noon till an uncertain term of the night, on Wednesdays; and always on Thursday mornings.

'I was very glad indeed to find that you had read my hospital verses. I wish I could think you would ever read the second set. But they have been rejected by every editor in the civilised world.

'I am afraid you'll not like it if I tell you that the first verses I ever got into print were imitated as to their cadence from your own "Marquise."'

The years 1879, 1880, and 1881 apparently only produced one or two letters of sufficient interest to warrant their being placed in the bound volumes to which an earlier reference has been made.

The only one in 1879 which I quote is from the French poet Joseph Boulmier, who wrote on January 1, 1879:

'Mon cher Confrère, Acceptez, je vous prie, à l'occasion de l'année nouvelle, les vœux ardents que je forme pour votre bonheur. Courtisez la muse Villanelle avec le même succès que par le passé, sans faire tort cependant aux autres Muses dont vous êtes l'amant heureux, et au milieu de ce charmant sérail, ménagez une toute petite place au souvenir de votre humble émule, qui ne sera jamais

pour vous un rival bien sérieux, mais qui, en revanche, restera toujours votre ami sincère et dévoué.

'P.S.—J'ai un nouveau volume en train, *cent Villanelles inédites*. Ce sera pour le printemps prochain, au retour des hironnelles. Après quoi, je crois qu'il sera bon de m'en tenir là et de passer comme on dit chez nous, à un autre genre d'exercices.

'J'ai hâte, mon cher Confrère, de voir ce nouveau-né sortir de la presse, assez viable et assez bien portant pour que je puisse vous en faire hommage.'

The only letter of note in 1880 is one from Prof. E. H. Palmer, the eminent Oriental scholar, in which he favourably criticises 'A Persian Apologue,' which was, in its final form, dedicated to him. In 1881 there is a short letter from Kate Greenaway (the first, apparently, of many), whose work my father so much admired, and with whom he collaborated on several occasions.

On October 8, 1881, Randolph Caldecott, *à propos* of an illustration for an edition of 'Selected Eighteenth-Century Essays' which my father was editing, writes :

'I have just sent away your book and I feel better for its sojourn with me—I hope I have not kept it long enough to inconvenience you.

'No, I do not particularly wish the cut printed in sepia. What you desire had better be done.

'I forgot to suggest the name of I. D. Cooper, of 188, Strand, as an engraver; but if the drawing is already in hand I wish no notice to be taken of this suggestion.

'As to the original drawing, it is always well to tell the people into whose hands it goes to keep it clean and return it to somebody when the engraving is produced. If you tell them to return it to you and if you then care to keep it, I shall be very pleased to know that it reposes in your house and shall feel complimented in its possessor.'

I need only add that this original drawing was one of my father's most cherished possessions.

The year 1882 opens with a letter, dated February 5, 1882, from the late Viscount Morley (then Mr. John Morley), in which he invites my father to undertake the life of Henry Fielding in the 'English Men of Letters' Series, of which he was the editor. 'I shall think myself very fortunate,' he writes, 'if I succeed in procuring your collaboration.'

I may mention that the fee suggested was £100, to include all

rights, the length not to exceed 180 pages. The 'Life' appeared in 1883, and was subsequently revised in 1907. Reprints of that edition still continue to make their appearance, the latest bearing the date 1926.

In the latter part of 1882 there is a very characteristic letter from Edwin A. Abbey the painter, written from the Swan Inn, Lechlade, Gloucestershire, and dated September 24, 1882.

'I have had it on my mind for the last three weeks to write you—saying how very much delighted I am with the preface—I never do write when I ought to—but I hope it is not too late to thank you for taking so much kindly interest in my fragmentary and desultory efforts to realize on paper what I have felt after reading the dear old man's lines.

'I have for a long time had in mind—in a vague way—the idea of illustrating what would have been the *events* of a quiet life in an English country town or village sixty years ago. I have made one drawing (which is not quite engraved yet—or you should have a proof of it) of a street—in the background in front of the post office and inn—are people bustling about the road—boxes and bags, and children, old ladies and other confusing things about. In the foreground is a young girl who has just received a letter with startling news of some sort—I don't know what. She has it crumpled in her hand which is pressed to her bosom. I spent a long time on the drawing—which I began with the idea of making it a water-colour.

'I have spent so many weeks in this quiet little place—both in this year and last—that—on rainy days and at other idle times—I have gradually got up the greatest interest in the various small goings on of the neighbours—whom I don't know—nor don't expect to know—

'In—for instance—the two elderly maiden ladies who live over the way in a great wide double house of the Georgian era—and in the poor soul next door who has so many small children—a sort of rural Mrs. Jellyby—the younger ones each being looked after by the next eldest but one. Then there are two pretty girls in black—who keep a little shop—with a sitting room out of it for their invalided and widowed mother. I imagine it all as it must have been sixty years ago—before there was a village reading room and church coffee-house—and before there was a railway station and before they built a big school house with Gothic windows and roof—behind the church-yard and before they restored the church—otherwise it must have been much the same. The large house facing its own garden across the road had just the same sort of big

brass door-plate with "Surgeon" on its front door—except that the surgeon himself probably wore a curler brim to his hat—and a "spencer" with shiny buttons instead of an ulster. There were the same loose legged big pawed foxhound puppies hanging about the butcher's shop—and I daresay the cobbler was the same oracle in his own circle that he is now. If you were here I could show you fifty little things—which I can't write—because I have already written more than you will have patience to try to decipher—probably—and because I'm very clumsy at word painting anyway—I wonder if you will be interested enough in the subject matter to weave a simple story of a town of this sort—at that time—and whether you will let me fit some pictures to it—and publish both first in *Harper's Magazine*—and afterward in a little book.

'I have purposely avoided making any more pictures or thinking of any subjects—so that I might be free in my mind to illustrate whatever might be written. The drawing I have made suggested the series.

'I have written to the Harpers and they are very much pleased with the scheme—and hope you will undertake to supply the brains necessary to carry it out. If I could see you instead of writing all this—I think I could explain my idea better.

'It is only a vague vapoury sort of notion—purposely so—for as I have said above I should rather follow than lead. Perhaps too—you know a better village than this is (you can't know a quieter) for the purpose. Will you kindly let me hear from you? I don't know how much you know of the domestic life of the period—outside of what one read in the fiction of the time. I daresay you know as much as I do if not more. I have quantities of wearing apparel etc.—of about that date—which is always an interesting thing to an artist—and if you think favourably of the notion I shall leave no stone unturned in laying bare the root of *that* matter.'

There is in this letter a delightful little sketch intended to give an idea of the drawing upon which the artist says he has been working for so many weeks. The sketch is detailed enough to point to the finished production which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* a year later (November 1883), as an illustration to a poem by my father entitled 'At Last,' a title which was afterwards changed to 'Verses to Order,' showing clearly that Abbey's drawing had suggested the poem.

The rest of the letter deals with an idea which obviously took shape in the volume which appeared some seven years later entitled 'The Quiet Life'—certain verses by various hands: 'the motive set forth in a Prologue and Epilogue by Austin Dobson; the

whole adorned with numerous drawings by Edwin A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons.'

The year 1883 also saw the publication of 'Old World Idylls,' as to which W. E. Henley wrote on October 9, 1883:

'Your book, dear poet, is a good book. Believe me, much of it will live to give pleasure to poets yet unborn. And all of it, to us of to-day, is good and sweet. Truly you haven't lived and wrought in vain.

'I sigh a little, as I turn the pages, and feel the good thought, the well-united verse, the happy and graceful rhymes. I should have liked to be a poet, too. And you know what I am. All your cautions shall be obeyed. A caution in return:—pack up your sends a little less elaborately for post; for in opening, the precious volume got torn—a little torn, though 'twas my wife who did me the work.

'I hope to have it for review, but I am not sure yet.'

A copy of 'Old World Idylls'—in fact, one of the scarce large-paper copies—evidently went to Edwin Abbey, whose growing correspondence with my father was now and then enriched with a lightning sketch. On October 20, 1883, he wrote from Redditch:

'Your very kind letter came to me yesterday—and I am delighted with the idea of having a large paper copy of your book. I have been hoping to see you here—as Parsons thought you might give me a look up. Don't you think you can still manage it? If you care for a walk—we are thinking of walking across over the hills through Broadway to Lechlade—about forty-five miles—on Friday or Saturday—and should be very pleased if you will join us.

'Yesterday we went to Worcester to see Prinsep who is painting a large picture there—and fell into a veritable gold mine of an old book shop. I bought a beautiful set of the *Idle Apprentice* in excellent condition for 12/-! We got altogether some fifteen or twenty volumes—among others for half a crown a beautifully illustrated edition of Bloomfield's *Rural Tales, Ballads and Songs—1805*—I should think the cuts (?) were Stothard's. Beattie's *Minstrel* a beautiful copy 1805—*crushed levant* same price—a copy of Lord Byron's suppressed verses on his family affairs etc.—one shilling—Bell's *Spenser* (1778) sixpence a vol.—a very beautiful little Goldsmith—*Essays Poems and Plays—1810—1/6*—and half a dozen other desirable things—a Prior 1733 fifth ed. and an original Gay's *Fables* 1750—1/6!

'We hadn't time to go through the entire shop—but I intend to take time and do so—before I leave this neighbourhood.

'I only write all this to make you feel badly.

'I've settled on "Phillada"—as a companion to "Sally"—but have not yet anything to go with the Pope affair.

'Next week I'm thinking of going to Ludlow in Herefordshire to get some backgrounds to "She stoops"—I wonder if you would care to go with me? It's not a case of "Bee! bee! O come and play with me" this time—I dread going down there all alone.

'It's very good of you to send the list of "Epig"—for the Valentine drawing—Parsons will do the outlaying framework—And I'm very anxious to know what I am to do for your vignette—'

And then in a postscript he adds :

'In case you should tell Gosse of our "Book finds"—I inquired particularly for Restoration Dramas on his acct, but the old gentleman had none. There were some later volumes of plays (or volumes of later plays) containing "High Life below Stairs" and other plays of that period.'

The allusion to 'Phillada' (*sic*) is to the black-and-white water-colour drawing which he did as an illustration to 'The Ladies of St. James's' for *Harper's Magazine*. The original still hangs in my father's study.

Towards the end of 1883 James Russell Lowell wrote :

'I send you my first (& last) *rondeau* to make you feel more contented with your own. Pardon the unliquified ll in *Charmille* to the exigence of English rhyme.

'If my verses (which have so put me out of breath) do no other good, they will at least have further persuaded me of the easy mastery of yours.'

A postscript is added : 'Had I time to brood a little and take counsel with the *Esprit d'escalier* (cleverest of imps) my verses might have changed for the better, but the feeling that dictated them would have remained the same.'

The verses appended to the letter I reproduce in full :

'In a copy of Austin Dobson's

"Old World Idylls."

'At length arrived, your book I take
To read in for the author's sake ;
Too old for fresh sensations grown,
What charm to Art or nature known
This torpor from my nerves can shake ?

'Hush ! my parched ears what runnels slake ?
Is a thrush gurgling from the brake ?
Is Spring, on all the breezes blown,
At length arrived ?
Long may you live such songs to make

'And I to listen while you wake,
With art too long disused, each tone
Of the *Lesbourn barbiton*,
At mastery, through long finger-ache,
At length arrived !

'As I read on, what changes steal
O'er me and through, from head to heel ?
A rapier thrusts my skirt aside,
My rough tweeds bloom to silken pride,—
Who was it laughed ? Your hand, Dick Steele !

'Down vistas long of clipt *Charmille*
Watteau as Pierrot leads the reel ;
Tabor and pipe the dancers guide,
As I read on.

'While in and out the verses wheel,
The wind-caught robes trim feet reveal,
Little ankles that to music glide,
But chastely and by chance described,—
Art ? Nature ? Which do I most feel
As I read on ?

'14th November, 1883, On the evening of my return from France.'

It appears that G. H. Boughton, R.A., was also a recipient of 'Old World Idylls,' and he was lucky enough to get one of the few large-paper copies, which so rarely appear in the pages of booksellers' catalogues. On February 20, 1884, Mr. Boughton wrote as follows :

'I don't think I ever had a more delightful surprise than the "coming in upon me" of the much coveted large paper copy of the "Old World Idylls" late last evening.

'I had been busy all day or I should have written to Bain of the Haymarket about that very volume. You have so delightfully forestalled that excellent bookseller. *He* could not have sent me

the real author's gift with its golden ring of Song set with a little jewel of a presentation verse—all to myself!—not he!—nor anybody else except your own kind self. Therefore do I thank you out of the depths of my most sincere gratitude. Among your many *real* admirers I don't think you would easily find one more warmly appreciative than myself of your doubly graceful *gifts*. The word must serve me for both meanings although I did not intend a pun.

'I hope to see you and to thank you personally for your good and happy thought of me.'

I reproduce the two last letters consecutively as they deal with the same subject, but just prior to the receipt of the latter came a short note from Prof. George Saintsbury, dated Jan. 23, 1884, which I quote as it was a very early letter from that lifelong friend who has been responsible for some of the pleasantest criticisms of my father's work. 'Would you care to review Courthope's Addison for the S.R.¹? We are doing what we can to get everything done by the best men possible and in this case I need not say that the best man possible lives at Porth-y-felin, Ealing, England.'

The next letter worth recording is one from Alfred Parsons, the artist. It is dated July 6, 1884:

'I do like the "June Rose" Rondeau, very much indeed, and am delighted to get a chance of doing something to go with your work—I should like to do a page to go opposite it and to smother the poem in roses—I will put in a sketch of my notion—If you do not care which has it I should prefer it to go to America—my roses would be so much better engraved over there—Will you arrange this? I would draw the heading and the initial letter; do you really mean to add the sub-heading (and to A. P.)? I was the other day talking with Ned² about the text of "She Stoops." I have a title page designed, but before finishing it want to be certain about the exact words—The usual ones are "She stoops to conquer or the Mistakes of a Night, A Comedy" and I imagine these must be the words on the original title page—Thank you so much for sending me the poem.'

This refers to the poem 'To a June Rose,' which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for June 1885, illustrated by the recipient of the letter. The original black-and-white drawing which breathes the inevitable atmosphere of Broadway in Worcestershire was presented to my father by the artist.

¹ The *Saturday Review*, of which the writer was then editor.

² Evidently the late E. A. Abbey, R.A., who, with Alfred Parsons, illustrated a sumptuous edition of *She stoops to conquer*, produced in 1888.

The next letter, dated Sept. 28 (1884), appears to be a very early one from Andrew Lang. It reads :

' I like B. M.'s article on you particularly. Why has he always pretended to know nothing about poetry ? I don't agree with Aldrich that you leave Suckling and Herrick at the post, but that may be mere envy and jealousy on my part. I'm glad Matthews selected the "Song of IV Seasons," if I had to choose only one of your pieces that would be the one I think. Probably you don't think so, and prefer Circe and the Swine ! We come south in ten days. I've only had a middling holiday, and *no* fishing. I hope you are well, and all the piccaninnies. I've been trying to do some bits of Greek poetry with sonnets ; sonnets of all sizes. A holiday task. . . . '

The letter refers to an article 'on 'Austin Dobson' contributed to the *Century Magazine*, by his friend Brander Matthews, the American author. It appeared in October 1884, and was illustrated by a portrait reproduced from a black-and-white oil painting by the late G. F. Watts.

I conclude the year 1884 with two other characteristic letters. From the first, one from G. H. Boughton, R.A., dated Nov. 22, 1884, I only quote a portion :

' Fancy you doing me the honour to repeat the very charming versified "spurt" to my lagging pencil—just because therein lurked a slight difference with stupid old "Lindley" ! Never mind—I am the gainer all the same. And I thank you *and* the slip. I met Gosse the other night at the Tadmars—and he was full of warm admiration of your delightful tribute to my dilatoriness. I think it *lovely*. Too good for the likes of *me*. . . . '

My father dedicated several poems to this artist, but as the latter had promised him a drawing for the poem 'Love in Winter,' which he (Boughton) much admired, I suspect the 'versified spurt' referred to is that which I venture to reproduce in full. It was never included in the various collections of poems published in my father's lifetime, but as soon as I discovered it, it was at once included in the 'Complete Poetical Works' appearing in 1923.

' The Spring has come, but Ah ! Will she ?—
The girl that Boughton promised me ?—
My Bella, who he said should go
In fitting tint across the snow !
Yet why, forsooth, shall I complain,
Since this my loss is others' gain ;—

Since BOUGHTON, even now, perhaps,
 Is painting frows in Friesland caps ;
 Or puts, may be, the final touch
 To some fresh Lovelace in Low Dutch ;
 Or else he makes the world more rich
 By still one more New-England witch ;
 Or sees upon his canvass grow
 Some priestess crowned with mistletoe.
 Then, by and by, the crowd will rush
 To praise these fruits of Boughton's brush,
 And bless the artist who can blend
 Unfading beauty with Ostend ;
 Or trace immortal truth behind
 The furrowed face of human kind.
 So why (I say) should I complain
 Since this my loss is others' gain !
 And yet, and yet, I fain would see
 That girl that Boughton promised me !'

When this poem first reached the artist, he replied in kind, in characteristic style :

' Procrastination is the thief of Time
 And mine is worse.
 It steals from Dobson most delightful verse
 And filches from his Muse a 'plaint sublime,
 Instead of just an "ordinary" curse.

' I know I've lingered on the snowy way
 With "Bella" fair.
 Her mantle fluttering in the frosty air
 And still I'd linger 'till we both grow grey
 If such delightful scoldings come, I'll say
 "I don't much care."

Following the lines, the artist wrote :

' My dear long suffering Dobson. This is a base attempt to fob you off with a spurious imitation of your own bright coin—I throw up the sponge and own my wickedness (when in doubt, speak the truth). The "Bella" is partly done (in colour). I thought it came so well that I would paint a large picture of it—keeping the small one as a "motive"—You are not forgotten. I went in to get a large paper copy of the Bewick the other day—all sold out—so I bought a small one. . . .'

The water-colour which formed the subject of the above correspondence did not actually arrive until June 1885, and was then accompanied by another poetical effusion on the part of the artist. I quote it here, although on account of its date it belongs more properly to a later paper. The letter is dated June 3, 1885, and runs :

'The Spring has come at last, And She
 "the girl that Boughton promised me" !
 I will not let the spring go by
 And summer come, and yet not try
 To show you 'twas not *all* a lie,
 The little Girl I promised thee !

'MY DEAR DOBSON,

'You will not soon again have to do with a painter before you are pretty certain that he is not an abandoned scribbler of empty verses as well. The little girl is not the same little maid¹ of the book. I found it made the face too small for my style of colour so I made her a "three-quarter" picture—I did not give her a "mount" as I don't know how you frame your things. A gilt mount would do well, if it goes with your idea.'

The last letter which I quote for the year 1884 is one from my father's lifelong friend Sir Edmund Gosse, and is only another example of a vast and entertaining correspondence which lasted up to my father's death. It is written from Boston, U.S.A., where the writer was on a visit.

'This is Tuesday. We arrived, after a beastly but rapid passage, on Saturday afternoon, and I telegraphed to you at once. Quite a crowd of friends came down to Castle Garden to meet us,—Gilder, Roswell Smith, the Stedmans, Fraser and Johnson, at different times during the day, but all missed us except Mrs. Lawrence Barrett, who brought us up town in her carriage and saved us all bother. We went to Hotel Dam, opposite Gilder's house, close to Union Square. The Gilders immediately carried us off to spend the evening with them. They meant the first evening to be perfectly tête-à-tête, but people kept calling at the hotel and were sent over—the Stedmans, Nadal, Miss Clara Kellog, the other Gilders, &c. and, what was very funny, the interviewers from the various newspapers, not such people as we know of, but reporters who stood on the doormat and wrote answers to questions in a little note-book,

¹ This refers to the pen-and-ink drawing of the same subject, drawn in the author's own copy of *At the Sign of the Lyre*.

with their billy-cocks under their arms. Then came in a card from the Century Club, informing me of honorary membership, and Stedman and Gilder took me in there, where I had a longish talk with Stoddard. I shall have so much to tell you. You are tremendously popular here, I did not in the least know how popular. Some of our would be geniuses are scarcely known by name. Well, all that on the first evening, as we came worn and ghastly from the steamer.

'On Sunday Gilder took us all round New York. We bought the Sunday papers to see what the interviewers would say. Tell Bateman that the *Herald* announces that I have "dull gold hair and a most modest and retiring manner." I think he will recognise the latter. We dined with the Roswell Smiths, and then Gilder took me to the Quartette Club, which meets for stringed music on Sunday afternoons at the studio of Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor, and there I met Kenyon Cox, Will Low, and various artists. In the evening people came in to Gilder's to meet us.

'Yesterday morning I spent at the "Century Office," where you are regarded as a sort of Deity, and made the acquaintance of Johnson, Scott, Buol, Drake and in fact all the staff except Mrs. Dodge, who is ill. Then we came on here, six hours' express, and were met at the station by Howells. He tells me that when the bureau of the Lowell Institute was opened every ticket, over 600, was taken within 25 minutes, and when Dr. O. W. Holmes came at the half hour they could not oblige him with any seat whatever, so I have had the happiness of sending round to him one of those retained for ourselves. The event comes off this evening, and I am not a little agitated at the thought of facing an audience so critical and so favourably predisposed.

'This is the country to come to, my dear. We are really read and known here to an extent I never dreamed of. I will let you know how the first lecture goes off.'

This interesting letter needs, I think, no comment, and the persons referred to are well known in the annals of American literature at the end of the last century. But across the corner of the letter is the injunction 'Please read this to A. E. B(ateman),' that distinguished Sir Alfred Bateman, K.C.M.G., mentioned in the letter, who has so rich a fund of anecdotes of the old days at the Board of Trade when he and my father laboured together.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY ACROSTICS.

THE Editor of THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE offers prizes to the value of at least £3 to the most successful solvers of this series of four Literary Acrostics. There will also be consolation prizes, two or more in number : the winners of these will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. And, further, every month a similar prize of books will be awarded to the sender of the correct solution that is first opened.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 49.

(*The First of the Series.*)

'To be, or not to be : that is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The ——— and ——— of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ?'

1. 'She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.'
2. 'What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present ——— ;
What's to come is still unsure.'
3. 'This is no fish, but an ——— , that hath lately
suffered by a thunderbolt.'
4. 'An angler in the lake of darkness.'
5. 'O ! how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting ———'
6. 'Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ———, and good in every thing.'

These seven quotations are taken from seven of Shakespeare's plays.

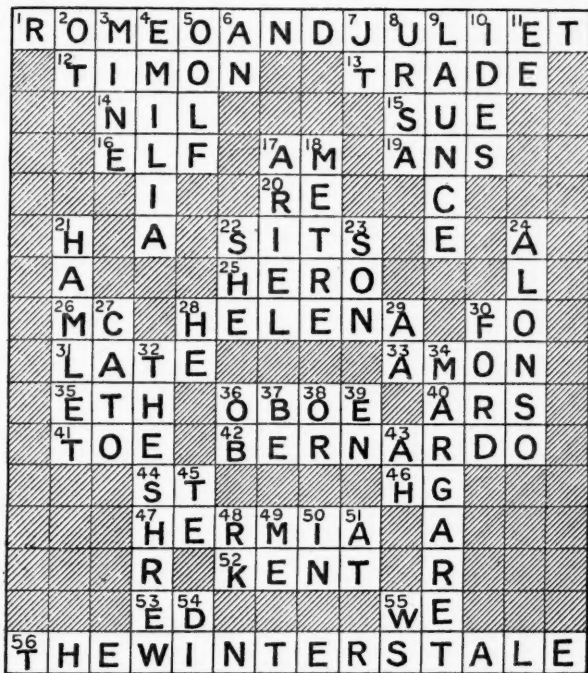
RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed on page ix of 'Book Notes' in the preliminary pages of this issue.
4. At the foot of his answer every solver must write his pseudonym (consisting of one word), and nothing else. His name and address should be written at the back.
5. Solvers must on no account write either the quotations or the references

6. Solvers who write a second letter to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.

7. Answers to Acrostic No. 49 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50A Albemarle Street, London, W. 1, and must arrive not later than September 20.

SOLUTION OF 'WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE' LITERARY CROSSWORD.



Across.

ACROSS.

- | | | | |
|-----|--|-----|---|
| 12. | Romeo and Juliet. | 33. | Amon. (<i>Hamlet</i> , III. ii. : 'For thou dost know, O Damon dear,') |
| 13. | Timon. | 35. | Eth. (<i>Macbeth</i> .) |
| 13. | Trade. (<i>Merchant of Venice</i> , III. iii. : 'Since that the trade and profit of the city Consisteth of all nations.') | 36. | Oboe. ('Hautboy' : Directions in <i>Henry VIII.</i> , &c.) |
| 14. | Nil. (<i>King Henry IV.</i> , Part 2, V. v. : 'Absque hoc nihil est.') | 40. | Ars. |
| 15. | Sue. (<i>Measure for Measure</i> , I. iv. : 'When maidens sue, Men give like gods.') | 41. | Toe. (<i>Macbeth</i> , IV. i. : 'Eye of newt and toe of frog.') |
| 16. | Elf. 17. A.M. | 42. | Bernardo. (<i>Hamlet</i> , I. i. : "Tis just struck twelve.") |
| 20. | Re. 22. Sits. | 44. | Saint. (<i>Measure for Measure</i> , I. iv. : 'I hold you as a thing enskyed and sainted.' 46. H. G.) |
| 26. | MO. (<i>Macbeth</i> .) | 47. | Hermia. (<i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i> , I. iv. : 'Are you grown so high in his esteem Because I am so dwarfish and so low?') |
| 28. | Helena. (<i>All's Well that Ends Well</i> .) | | |
| 30. | FO(E). | | |
| 31. | Late. (<i>Macbeth</i> , III. vi. : 'The right-valliant Banquo walked too late.') | | |

SOLUTIONS—(cont.)

Across.

52. Kent. (*King Lear*, I. iv. : 'I have years on my back forty-eight.')
 53. Ed. (Edgar and Edmund in *King Lear* ; Edward IV. in *Richard III.* ; Edmund Mortimer in *I. Henry IV.* ; Edward Prince of Wales in *Richard III.* ; Edward Earl of March in *III. Henry VI.*, &c.)
 55. We.
 56. *The Winter's Tale.*

Down.

2. Ot.
 3. Mine. (*Henry V.*, III. ii. : 'Look you : the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war : the concavities of it is not sufficient.')
 4. Emilia. (*Othello*, III. iii. :
Iago. Hast stol'n it from her?
Emil. No, 'faith ; she let it drop by negligence
 And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.)
 5. Oo!f. ('Fool' transposed.)
 6. An. 7. J. T.
 8. Ursa. (*King Lear*, I. ii. : *Edmund* : My nativity was under Ursa Major.)
 9. Launce. (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. iii. : 'Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping : all the kind of the Launces have this very fault.')
 10. Ides. (*Julius Caesar*, I. ii. : 'Beware the Ides of March.')
 11. EE. (*I. Henry IV.*, III. iii. : 'Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn ?')
 17. Ariel. (*Tempest*, I. ii. :
 'This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child

Down.

- She did confine thee . . .
 Into a cloven pine ; within which rift
 Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
 A dozen years.')
 18. (*I. Henry IV.*, III. iii. :
 'I'd rather be a kitten and cry Mew
 Than one of these same metre ballad-makers.')
 21. Hamlet. (*Hamlet* I. ii. : 'Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death.')
 22. She. 23. Son.
 24. Alonso. (*Tempest*, V. i. :
Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess. . . .
Alon. If this prove
 A vision of the island, one dear son
 Shall I twice lose.)
 27. Cato. (*Julius Caesar*, II. i. : 'A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.')
 28. He.
 29. A. A. (Andrew Aguecheek : *Twelfth Night*.)
 30. Ford. (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV. ii. :
Mrs. Page : I'll have the cudgel hallowed
 and hung o'er the altar.)
 32. The Shrew. (*Taming of the Shrew*, V. ii. :
Bap. : The wager thou hast won.)
 34. Margaret. (*Much Ado about Nothing*, III. iv.)
 36. Ob. (*I. Henry IV.*, II. iv. : *Item* :
 Bread . . . ob.)
 37. Be. (*Hamlet*, III. i. : 'To be or not to be.')
 38. Or.
 39. En. (Cloten : '*Cymbeline*.)'
 43. Ah. (*Henry V.*, II. i. : 'Ah, poor heart.')
 45. Te. 48. R. K. 49. Me.
 50. In. 51. At. 54. Di(ana).
 55. W. S. (William Shakespeare).

RESULTS OF 'SAVOY OPERAS' LITERARY CROSSWORD.

The first three correct solutions opened were sent in by Mr. A. B. Barrie, 1 Leonard Bank, Perth, Scotland ; Miss Mayor, Tunmore, East Clandon, Guildford ; Mrs. Lowry, Wybunbury Vicarage, Nantwich ; and they will choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue.

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